

THE ECONOMY'S
GATHERING STORM

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Maclean's

FEBRUARY 15, 1982

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FEBRUARY 15, 1982

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

VOL. 95 NO. 97

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COVER STORY

Spectre of World War III

At the border-line headquarters of NATO in Brussels the prospect for peace is anything but reassuring. Where once the action of a nuclear war was met with inevitability, planners are now playing how to best wage and win an atomic exchange. Outgunned and outnumbered, NATO experts have decided that the best way to avoid war with the Soviets is to be willing to wage it. — Page 39

COVER PHOTO BY GARY/STANLEY COLE



No hands clapping

The actors puffed and strutted but only proved the economy is a rocky horror show. — Page 21

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The dean has his limits

Walter Cronkite takes on book-reviewers, but not the origins of the universe. — Page 11



Our fuzzy forefathers

'Quest for Fire' is the most ambitious swamp-and-mud epic ever attempted. — Page 65



Mubarak's high wire act

On his first major trip abroad, Hosni Mubarak avoided thorny Middle East problems. — Page 26



The new psychiatry

A recent and controversial surge of studies blames mental illness on genetic disorders. — Page 62

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame." "Anna Karenina." "The Idiot." "War and Peace." "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame." "Anna Karenina." "The Idiot."

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare lance. Crush a silver table with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg: Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka.

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka.

EDITORIAL

The call to arms is clear today for all of Canada's tomorrows

By Peter C. Newman

Like for not, we are facing what Henry Kissinger has dubbed "the window of opportunity" — a period of time in world affairs when even a minor miscalculation could set off a Third World War. This crisis has been spawned by the growing imbalance of military strength in the Soviets' favor, plus the temptation of the Kremlin's leaders to risk foreign adventures as a way of diverting attention from domestic economic problems.

The Cold War has always suffered from mutually reinforcing misperceptions. American ignorance of Soviet intentions, and vice versa, with both superpowers perpetuating outdated stereotypes of one another. The problem with being a superpower is that the leaders tend to view the world in evangelical terms, believing in the uniqueness of their mission, continually asking themselves whether they are still number 1. The consequence of such hubris is an often-misplaced quest for military superiority, and it is this arms race that threatens to engulf us all.

Canada is no innocent bystander in this deadly contest. We are, by geography and by choice, firmly tied into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which, despite its weaknesses, has managed to maintain

peace in Europe longer than any other alliance in modern history. But our contribution to NATO, ranking just ahead of Luxembourg's (page 38), has been reduced almost below any military significance. Warriors no longer, pacifists not yet, we have become spineless free riders trying to please all political factions while maintaining our vaunted platy intact.

To give our military presence some clout abroad and some meaning at home, Ottawa should consider establishing a new northern command for NATO, incorporating a rejuvenated and adequately financed Canadian navy, army and air force. The Soviets are using the Arctic as one of their most vital strategic areas. Murmansk, the world's largest naval base, is the main holding pen for Soviet ballistic missile-carrying submarines. The Soviets enjoy de facto control of the Arctic Ocean, and Canada would be a ripe frontal target in any escalation of hostilities.

By redirecting our defence efforts to protecting the Arctic Circle, Canadians could make a realistic contribution to NATO's credibility — at the same time strengthening claims to our sovereignty in the North. Vaguely hoping that a Third World War will never come isn't enough. Only actively resolve that our way of life is worth defending will maintain the peace for which we all pray.



Maclean's

February 15, 1982

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That face

I couldn't help noticing that your depiction of Queen Elizabeth on the \$1000 bills as your cover of Feb. 1 looks remarkably like Margaret Atwood. Is this what is meant by Canadian content?

—ALLAN DOWMAN
Winipeg

Single-minded sins

Sandra Goffish errs when she claims Christine Chubbuck dedicates its editorial content to "Perfected Domestic Bliss" (Posters, Feb. 13); she should know better, for she wrote regularly for the magazine in the years 1970 to '77 and presumably was familiar with the magazine's content. As an experienced magazine journalist, Goffish showed by confining her research to one source, and even at that failed to mention several major articles that are in on surviving women. Clearly, she missed our most enlightening of the Step-out-dome. Men and our editorial stance that homosexuals and career women are equally deserving of respect—as well as the fact that most of our material on marriage, kids, health, budgets, morals, diet, travel, food and fashion relates in such to housewives as to career women. Christine's female audience is representative of all female occupational groups, i.e., 85 per cent of the audience comprises nonworking women, 32 per cent full-time working women and 13 per cent part-time women. (disclaimer) consistent with the Canadian Female population as a whole. Christine sells more copies per month at higher prices than at any time in the magazine's history.



Queen Elizabeth's face transformed

History: A major reason for this success is that the editors know their audience demographics and thus respect and represent each of the different segments.

—BETTY DRANE
Publisher, Christine
Posters

Shareholder democracy

While the damage done by your article *Power From the Dances/Intimate Power* (Cover, Jan. 4) can never be undone by a letter to the editor, some of its most misleading elements must be challenged. The impression left was that a reluctant and unwilling local minister in the Halifax area was ordered by the national office of the United Church to address the Annual Meeting of the Book of Montreal. In reality, the minister in question was the Book of Nova Scotia Annual Meeting, and the speaker was, in fact, the conference secretary of the Maritime Conference of the United

Church. The readers should understand, moreover, that the United Church would never be represented at an annual meeting by a person who was reluctant or speaking without personal conviction. Our church does not, and could not, order members or conference officers in a matter such as this. Further, it would be against the tenets of the consensus we are reaching and shareholder democracy in general to send persons who would rather be elsewhere. If the point the article was trying to make is that there are members of the church who are uncomfortable when the church takes an shareholder stand, I could have supplied better examples—including some who feel we are not radical enough. Our history of speaking on social issues has created a mature membership which is not the kind to take a marble and leave. We admit to tensions over this issue, with people whom we respect greatly holding differing views. We affirm our openness to discuss these differences and, above all, the openness of the decision-making process in the United Church to all who are willing within the democratic process to participate in the courts of the church. Finally, I protest the inclusion of an article on church participation in shareholder democracy in a series of articles under the caption GOD'S WORDS, which featured numerous pictures of representatives of various religions carrying weapons. Using the forum of a corporate annual meeting, disrespecting both its rules and its officers, to discuss corporate citizenship is hardly a warlike act.

—S. S. DAVIS
President,
The United Church of Canada, Toronto

PASSAGES



SUSPENDED: Don Perry, newly hired coach of the Los Angeles Kings hockey team, for 15 days, by National Hockey League President John Ziegler, for ordering a player to participate in an on-ice brawl last month. The player, Paul Mulvey, has since been shipped down to the minor leagues.

RELEASED: Former Turkish prison minister Bülent Ecevit, after serving two months in Ankara Central Prison for the violation of a military decree banning all political comment. Although warned by the officers of dozens of Turkish and Western European supporters, the 66-year-old democrat warned that "so long as the limitations on my freedom of expressive existence, I feel as though I were in prison."

SENTENCED: Former BC Supreme Court judge and federal cabinet minister K. David Falcon, 65, to 18 days (to be served on weekends) for a second drinking-driving offense, in Vancouver. The Law Society of British Columbia recently approved Falcon's request to return to practice provided he continues with his alcohol rehabilitation program.



DEED: Sun (Lightness) Hopkins, 68, "last of the old-time country musicians" and one of the most copied musicians in America, of cancer in a Houston hospital. The writer of more than 600 songs, Hopkins started out playing Texas blues in the 1930s. Forty years later, he played Carnegie Hall in New York city, a vibrant pianist and singer. Hopkins recorded the soundtrack for the film *Sounders* in 1973 with Taj Mahal.



AWARDED: The U.S. government's Enrico Fermi Prize to Canadian physicist Dr. W. Bennett Lewis, 78, for his exceptional work in the atomic energy field. A former director and vice-president of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, Lewis is the creator of the power-generating nuclear reactor known as CANDU.



DEED: 1996 Canadian Olympic canoe team member Alvin Brice, 25, of Dartmouth, N.S., from exposure and dehydration following a boating accident in the Caribbean. Brice and teammate Phil Hapburn, 27, were on a six-month sailing adventure that took them from Dartmouth to San Juan, P.R. en route to Maui via the Bahamas, their 11-metre yawl apparently caught fire, forcing the men into a life raft. Hapburn was rescued by a cruise ship last week about 35 km from Puerto Rico.

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"Heat and transportation are only part of Canada's need for oil self-sufficiency."

Bob Brown, President, Gulf Canada Products Company

Canadians use more fuel than most countries. Our climate is cold, our distances long. But petroleum products are essential to the lives of every Canadian in many other ways—in industry, in medicine and in the home. That is why we must conserve our shrinking supply. And, until alternate energy sources are developed, successful explorers like Gulf Canada should be encouraged to find new wells to help our country reach oil self-sufficiency.

When crude oil is "distilled" in a Gulf refinery, it is separated into many different products, from gasoline through heating fuels to asphalt. Here is what can be made from an average barrel of crude:



1. Gasoline—35% of Canadian oil is turned into this essential fuel. Alternative fuels may power our cars some day, but gasoline will remain the most important transportation fuel until at least the year 2000. More fuel-efficient

cars and a more conservation-minded attitude by drivers can help stretch Canada's supply of gasoline by as much as 30%.



Bob Brown, President Gulf Canada Products Company, was born in Bradford, Ontario, graduated from the University of Western Ontario and served in the R.C.A.F.



2. Heating oil—11%. Despite conversion to gas, electricity and other heat sources, it is forecast that, by the year 2000, 705,000 Canadian homes will still need heating oil as their primary source of heat.

3. Diesel fuels—18%. Diesel powered trucks and trains serve the nation. Diesel automobiles deliver 30 to 50 miles to the gallon (11 to 15 kilometers per litre).

PROPANE, BUTANE 6%
GASOLINE 35%
JET FUEL AND AVIATION 6%
INDUSTRIAL FUEL OIL 14%
LUBRICANTS, WAXES, PETROCHEMICALS 8%
DIESEL FUEL 18%
HEATING OIL 11%

Each barrel of crude oil yields many products that reach into every part of the Canadian way of life. Canada still imports a large proportion of the crude oil it uses. When we import oil, we export money. Gulf Canada believes that oil self-sufficiency is within Canada's grasp if successful explorers like Gulf Canada are encouraged to look for new oil.



5. Industrial fuel oil—14%. Electrical power plants, ships,



4. Gases (propane, butane)—8%. Propane is a major fuel for many homes, farms and industries, especially where regular gas, oil or electricity are not conveniently available. Today, a growing number of trucks and buses are being fuelled with propane.

pulp and paper mills, many industries burn these heavy fuels called "bunker fuels."



6. Jet fuel—6%. An executive with the world's largest aircraft engine company was quoted recently as saying "So far, we can see no workable alternative to existing jet fuels."



7. Lubricants, waxes, petrochemicals—8%. This surprisingly small proportion of petroleum is used to make thousands of products including medicines, plastics, detergents, fertilizers, photographic film and chemicals, synthetic fibres, explosives.

The astonishing variety of petrochemical products—many of them essential to modern life—present one more reason why Gulf experts believe Canada should move quickly to reach oil self-sufficiency. Gulf specialists and earth scientists have demonstrated an unusual ability to find new oil in Canada. Gulf Canada believes they should be encouraged by Canada's governments to search for new oil.



GULF CANADA LIMITED



You are looking at a quantum leap.

At a casual glance, the new BMW 528e is a look-alike for its predecessor. In reality, it constitutes a giant leap forward into the automotive future.

It is, in a word—a much used, much misused word—**revolutionary**. Its engine, especially.

The 'e' in 528e stands for *etc.*, the engineering symbol for thermodynamic efficiency. BMW uses it to refer to both the engine and the efficiency concept designed into every facet of the car, from engine to suspension to space and comfort to aerodynamic shape.

The *etc.* engine actually produces the same torque as its predecessor, the 528i—but at substantially lower engine speeds. The effect on gasoline consumption is remarkable. This city-gals mileage rating of the 528e is 21 percent better than that of the 528i, the improvement is even more dramatic when based on the 1978 E300—a 50 percent increase. Performance is unimpaired. Acceleration from 0-100 km/h is estimated at under 10 seconds. Economy plus performance: with the 528e, you can have your cake and eat it, too.

How was such a dramatic leap

achieved? BMW started from scratch. Its engineers conducted exhaustive studies on driving techniques and gasoline consumption—and uncovered some startling new information.

Conventional wisdom has long held that smooth, gentle acceleration is the best way to get good gas mileage. BMW found that hard acceleration, using about three-quarters throttle, accompanied by shifting gears at low engine speeds, is the most fuel-efficient way of getting to cruising speed. "Gently does it?" Not so, it seems,

the opposite approach works better.

More surprise. Even at higher rpm levels, the three-quarter throttle technique is more fuel-efficient than a light foot. The key is to accelerate quickly to the next shift point, be it 2,000 or 4,000 rpm or more.



A check control window warns about the oil level. When a warning light has alerted the driver that something is wrong.

The reasoning is simple. Friction is the enemy of efficiency. Less time spent in the valves spend zipping up and down, the better. If an engine can provide more power at lower engine speeds, the pistons and shafts will rub less, the valves will open and shut less frequently. Less friction equals less energy expended, less fuel used, more torque delivered.

The new 528e has been designed specifically to put BMW's startling discoveries to work. Use a heavy foot, and even at low engine speeds the 528e delivers the power to accelerate briskly. Shifting as early as 2,000 rpm (way down the "normal" rev scale) produces acceleration

quick enough to move you easily through traffic—without the need to downshift to "get a move on." Thus, the sporty feel BMW drivers are accustomed to is maintained—along with the benefit of increased efficiency.

A sober aside: it may well be that "before" etc., all gasoline engines were designed on a platform of erroneous information. ("Off with his head, the snake is fed!")

Another significant advance pioneered on the 528e is digital motor electronics. DME is an on-board computer, a microprocessor which sorts for more control over the engine than other systems—including electronic fuel injection.



The tachometer "tells" you, at a mere 2,000 rpm. Downshifting at first, but when you can drive on empty power at 2,000 rpm, why waste fuel? Press the dash, a fuel consumption gauge tells you exactly how much fuel you're using per 100 kilometers. You can actually see the savings of BMW's economy, apply them, and save money.

DME controls the L-Jetronic fuel injection system, and works with an oxygen sensor to control fuel emissions and ignition timing. Based on such factors as engine load, speed, temperature, and oxygen data, it works out the ideal fuel/air mixture and ignites timing for top efficiency—thousands of times a second. Really.

When the engine is not producing power, as in slowing, braking or going down hill, DME cuts off the fuel until idle speed is reached. There's more. Data on road conditions, mileage, and fuel consumption is processed by the computer

and deployed on a highly-accurate fuel consumption gauge. Paying attention to this little old clock could reduce your gasoline costs significantly.

Working in concert with the *etc.* engine and DME is a five-speed transmission that shifts with satisfying smoothness (three-speed automatic is available) and a low first-drive ratio.

The 528e efficiency story goes far beyond the drive-train, however. The body of the car has been drastically redesigned. The 528e has a new engine bay featuring a redesigned grille, a lowered wedge shape in the head area, which reduces lift, improved flow around the windshield, and a raised rear, which reduces lift and improves the vortex pattern. All resulting in an aerodynamic improvement of some 15 percent.

The 528e sports a further development of the revolutionary—and BMW patented—double pivot front suspension first introduced on the flagship of BMW sedans, the 733i. BMW engineers took the single most significant breakthrough in front suspension design in this decade (Ger & Driver)—and then improved upon it. The result is virtually unprecedented agility.

If you make a mistake, or succumb to temptation and scream around a corner, or hit a railway crossing while going too fast, or have had a panic attack, the 528e will do it with incredible aplomb.

Front and rear, leaning into corners, and other negotiable tendencies, are virtually abolished. And yet this is by no means a "hard" suspension. As one not-especially well-accomplished driver said, "It makes me look like an expert." It also means you will be exceedingly comfortable, decidedly more safe—and may even learn to love to drive again!

New Three-year Warranty.

All 1982 BMWs carry a new three-year, 60,000-kilometer warranty. No gimmicks, no special identification, no extra charge.



The 528e interior is not only functional—a typical BMW priority—but is very quickly color-coordinated. Also, engineers had also been focused.

Cruise control is standard equipment on the 528e, as is a new electronic heating and air conditioning control. Once set, the temperature inside the car remains constant. An electrical control locking system operates all four doors, trunk and gascap at one turn of the key.

Finally, like all BMWs, the revolutionary new 528e is beautifully made and tastefully appointed—a pride to own and, in particular, a joy to drive. What is more, at \$25,000 or so, it costs little more than its predecessor. These days, that fact is almost an incredible bonus.

*Rear seat headrests and rear wheel covers are extra cost options.



The 'e' stands for efficiency. And fuel.

Introducing the new BMW 528e.



Bayerische Motoren Werke AG, Munich, West Germany



The robust BMW *etc.* engine was originally designed for a totally new driving style. For example, the unusually long-stroke manifold does its job of pulling air efficiently (and holding it there) much more as the engine speed rises than at low engine speeds. And more air translates into more power.

down to deliver the morning Alberta, he would deliver the evening Herald after school, attend Belberg School, play some sports and head for the 1960s, where he landed on a lower Mt. St. Roger was the Canadian lightweight championship. "Thousands" went to Calgary's Victoria Pavilion to "watch the Jew get killed," he recalls. Instead, Singer landed a "lucky patch" and with a not enough, and he had to be spotted out the back door. A year later he retired from boxing after being told he would permanently impair his hearing if he continued.

Around that time, Singer heard that a downtown Calgary office building was for sale at \$60,000 with \$35,000 down. For the downpayment, the ambitious teenager approached his mother's cousin, Abraham Belberg Sr., who ran a furniture store and did small real estate deals on the side. "I told him he'd get his money back first, then we'd be partners. We shook hands and were partners for 38 years." (Eventually, Abraham's sons sold his 50-per-cent interest in United Management, which was later acquired by Singer.) The excited Belberg was well-paired with ear-goggles. Singer, who developed a reputation for being "as good as his hands," met that he didn't have enemies.

"Before I came to work here, I was told he was one of the most obnoxious, miserable sons of bitches around," says United Management General Manager Bob Gibson. The problem, says Gibson, is that Singer "believes everybody is honest and hardworking. When someone turns out not to have these attributes, he is supposed to get in a deal with him, he gets pretty upset."

His business career has had its ups and downs. Twenty years ago, a newspaper was called unexpectedly on some property, and Jack, who had maintained a modest, middle-class life, was touched off a collapse in his business affairs. He went as far as to sign the papers to sell his 50-per-cent interest in United Management to the Belbergs,

but the deal fell through at the last minute. Singer became ill and retired to his bedroom, withdrawing from the world for several years. His wife of 36 years, Shirley, 56, says there were two actresses in the household, a hostess at the front door and paper drapes on the windows. Says Singer, "When they stopped calling for donations, I knew I was finished." Essentially, however, he went back to work and rebuilt his fortunes.

Today, his sons Alan, 35, and Ste-



With wife Shirley in Polo Springs (clockwise from the right, with mother Belle of her 30th birthday party, sons Alan (left) and Stephen, showing his own career.



phen, 38, together with Gibson, run the Singer empire. (Separate from the Calgary Singers, Jack's older brother, Hyman, is a multi-millionaire in his own right. Hyman is known for his outrageous schemes: a 1987 plan to build a subway from New York to Los Angeles, a \$200,000 investment in a comedy version of Dante's Inferno, made in Calgary.) Both of Jack's sons made it on their own—Alan in the retail clothing business and Stephen in restaurants—before joining their father. A 38-year-old Singer is particularly proud of. With more than 20 companies under the umbrella of United Management, one of the largest private developers in

Western Canada, the Singers control some chunks of property in Calgary and the U.S. Sunbelt. They have enough land in inventory to handle 1200 million annually in building starts over the next five years. Through another company they have invested \$75 million in oil exploration.

Both are protective toward their father, happy to see him indulging his whims. "For a time, he didn't really think of himself," explains Alan. At

60, Singer still dabbles in the business, keeping track of his investments and important phone numbers on a piece of 4x8 1/2-inch paper that he keeps folded in his pocket and only discards when it becomes torn and indecipherable.

Always gentle and benevolent, Singer seems to have time for anyone who wanders into his office.

Still a passionate sportsman, he keeps up his interest in boxing as a charter member of the International Boxing Hall of Fame board of directors that too much time on his hands makes him restless. Even when he goes away he has to be doing something to occupy his mind," says his wife. One such diversion is looking for new ways to produce. After he met Coppola, he founded Jack Singer Productions. "One when word got out about his investment in One From the Front, the scripts started pouring in.

Singer has a thick stack of them on the ledge behind his desk. Typical of these is a new one that lands on his desk, fresh from the morning mail. "Singer—a gentle/romantic/advocate in the mood of directors of the Lost Ark by the producer of Welcome Back, Kotter," he laughs. Singer has found a script—"about a blind kid and what he had to go through"—that he wants to produce once he's straitened out his involvement with Zentgraf. He would like to do it in Canada, possibly in Calgary. But unlike his hero, Coppola, he's not looking for bad odds. "I don't need any money to blow. I can blow my own." ☺

SOME MYTHS YOU MAY BE SWALLOWING.



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Order at the end of a gun



Window-shopping under soldier's vigilant eye, political leaders are mapped

Withdressed youngsters parade up and down Ankara's Ataköy Boulevard, peering at the window displays of stores and Turkish delicacies. They're shopping, or stopping for a moment to feed red or a scowl of khalabut from their mouth roasting on a grill revolving vertical spit. Skinny Mercedes swarmed by darts crowd the noisy smog-enveloped streets, while smartly dressed shoreline boys beckon to prospective clients their *sakadaka* dotted with doughnut vendors and peddlers in the covered bazaar of Istanbul, neither the trademark sun the 30,000 visitors who pass through the thriving market. They may give up the driving class to the patrolling pairs of claudelined, anti-theft-and anti-

took over from the pediticians, Turkey has become a tranquil place, so quiet that the chaos and tragedy that led to the coup seem little more than a bad dream. Despite the suspension of democracy, most Turks acknowledge that the takeover was necessary for a country on the verge of collapse. "We are so grateful to the generals for ending the anarchy and terror," said well-known law professor Naciye Ayar. "Life in

Turkey and become unbearable. Although terrorism and political violence have not been totally wiped out, the restoration of law and order has been one of the major accomplishments of the military regime. Prior to its seizure of the reins of power on Sept. 12, 1980, the average of its people was poor, illiterate and without political choice. Ethnic neighborhoods and sometimes towns had been "liberated" by extremists, and all segments of society were so polarized as to make normal commerce nearly impossible—one's political allegiance was often advertised by the shape of one's mustache.

Today there is little doubt that the regime's widespread popularity—and that of faithfully led state Gen. Kinnas Ezeveni—is primarily a result of the largely successful, if brutal, economic "reforms" that have shaped their policies, but they saved my life," says a reporter from

Condemned, the left-wing daily, who explained that before the 1992 coup most measures felt so threatened that they habitually carried out the country was paralysed with fear. Kinnas hotel, the Haan Gallan. "It was the being followed in a dark street by a man—dark skin, a knife. We Turks are still reluctant when it comes to the democratic. Either we



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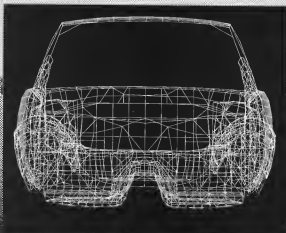
THE TOYOTA EDGE



OUTSIDE: You can see the difference

Look at Toyota's sleek wedge design — aerodynamic and wind tunnel-proved to give you the best fuel economy. Toyota's fit and finish — doors that close right. Mouldings that fit tight.

And tough, smooth enamels. You can see that a Toyota is built right. Built to last. Backed by the integrity of every Toyota man and woman. That's the Toyota Quality Edge.



INSIDE: You can feel the difference

Feel how Toyota is made for you — the concept behind every Toyota. How the seats fit. How the colours match. And how every control is easy to reach. Acceleration is solid for a smooth,

quiet ride. The touch of the wheel says you are in control. Your foot on the brake brings a swift, sure stop. That's a good, secure feeling. That's the Toyota Quality Edge.

TOYOTA

OH WHAT A FEELING!



didn't know how to use it, or perhaps we had too much."

Restoring the authority of the state and putting a lid on political violence clearly has had a high political and social cost. Observers estimate that several thousands of the more than 44,000 arrested or detained since September, 1980, are left- and right-wing political militants who were not directly involved in terrorism. Military prosecutors have sought the death penalty in about 1,200 cases, and martial law courts have so far issued death penalties against 70 convicted terrorists. The have been carried out to date. Torture is reportedly widespread and systematic. Last November, one high-ranking officer confessed that some Turkish interrogation methods "might be compared to some in other Western countries," but said such methods were necessary to entrap terrorists. Martial law regulations still give security forces the right to hold suspects for up to 48 days without charges, since charged they can be held indefinitely. Despite the profusion of soldiers patrolling the streets, martial law is lightly felt by the general public. While a curfew exists on all but 16 of the 67 provinces between 8 and 5 a.m., there is no arbitrary checking of credentials on the streets.

The military leaders have adopted a number of controversial measures that have proven difficult to justify in terms of security. Unsanitary activity has been sharply curtailed, and the once free-wheeling Turkish press has been forced to tread a cautious path between complacency and guarded criticism. Recently, two conservative columnists were jailed for criticizing in print both Gen. Evren and the ruling five-man national security council. The country's political parties have been banned and their leaders jumbled. In early December, former prime minister Bulent Ecevit was sentenced to three months in

Istanbul (left), pre-coup demonstration of army force. Brutal crackdown

jail for defying a ban on political pronouncements.

Turkey is still very fragile economically. Unemployment and inflation are both serious nagging problems that could eventually undermine the political stability the generals are seeking to impose. Unemployment is up to 30 per cent and inflation, although down from 100 per cent last year, remains at 33 per cent. But some visible improvements have eased the situation. Exports are soaring and most previous shortages of food and fuel have ended.

If the absence of a democratic system makes it easier for the generals to expedite reform, it could jeopardize the foreign and the country desperately needs. The European Community has frozen its assistance program. But the United States, keenly aware of Turkey's strategic position, is more sympathetic to the military takeover and has stepped up economic and military assistance.

Even though most Turks understand the reasons for the coup and are willing after nearly 18 months to give the generals the benefit of the doubt, there is increasing concern about the type of Turkey that will emerge from the years of military tutelage. Although there has been reluctance to fix a firm timetable for a return to democracy—as one high-ranking officer put it, "This is a war, not a basketball game with fixed times for each quarter"—Gen. Evren indicated in his New Year's message that if a draft constitution were ready by the end of this summer, an election could be held by the spring of 1983.

Although many Turks are disappointed with Ecevit and his arch-rival, Justice Party leader Süleyman Demirel, the military's decision to bar all pre-coup parliamentarians from the Constituent Assembly working on the new constitution, and probably from at least

the first term of a post-military parliament, has angered many. "I don't think we are rich enough in politicians to discard the ones we have," said Nadi Elcin, chief columnist for the conservative daily *Tecrümen*, who was recently sentenced to nine months in jail for openly criticizing the Administrative Tribunal. According to a government spokesman, the exclusion measure was necessary because "the politicians created so many problems for our body politic that keeping them around would be like feeding a spy. Medicine excluded in a person with a storm."

Now laws aimed at reorganizing the judicial system and the university network, which was seen as the seedbed of much of the militant ideology that permeated the country, suggest that the military is trying to make sure that the Turkey of tomorrow will be far more neutralized and consequently less free. Although the Consultative Assembly just began work last fall, insiders believe the country's future institutional framework will seek to root a remnant of the past and protect the country from subversive elements by coming up with a strong presidential system, ideological and organizational limits on party structures and an election system that will keep small extremist groups out of parliament.

For the time being, however, most Turks are content to wait and see. The question is, how long will the present period of tolerance last? "The longer they stay in power, the more difficult things will get," says one critic of the regime, who believes recent economic, judicial and educational reforms are causing the generals the support of significant sectors of the population. "People have short memories," says Mustafa Bayraktar, a political scientist and newspaper columnist. "Some or later they will begin to forget the heroism of the past and start feeling the restrictions of the present." ☐

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CANADA

Sounds of no hands clapping

By Ian Anderson

For a fleeting moment there seemed to be a vague prospect of progress. Just three months after national harmony appeared possible with the signing of the constitutional accord, Ottawa and the provinces met last week for their first economic summit since 1978. But they emerged more mutually divided than ever. Mere trust in mutual goodwill worked crushed. And a severely broken Saskatchewan official warned that not only are there serious economic problems but the system itself has ceased to function. The dreary spectacle of their leaders blaming each other for the nation's economic woes was so intense for Canada's 12 million unemployed or three million margin holders.

Not only were the 11 first ministers unable to agree on a common strategy to protect an already straitened economy, they could not even decide how best to divide the tax spoils that arrive in their governments (page 32). An adviser to Ontario Premier William Davis fumed that Trudeau is deliberately destabilizing provincial spending in social programs in a way that will prevent the province from administering them effectively, giving Ottawa an excuse to step in. Such a downright cynicism seems unlikely to find a receptive audience among those who suffered through the closing speech on prime-time television. "They're just trying to save their own asses," snapped Mel Beck, 45, an unemployed Edmontonian. "They're just passing the buck from one to the other."

None of the premiers arrived with a major agenda to replace the high-interest policies of Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Roney. Most seemed to agree with Saskatchewan's Allan Rockwell when he described the conference goal as being to "generate a public discussion on monetary policy." The absence of any provincial solution was

clear from day one, when Davis and John Buchanan of Nova Scotia declared themselves open to "modest" declines in the value of the dollar in order to reduce interest rates. But neither premier offered a level. "I couldn't tell you that at the moment," Buchanan advised. When asked to define what he meant by "affordable" interest rates, Bill Bennett of British Columbia would only reply, "Everybody has a different number."

The B.C. premier, likely facing an imminent election, did ask for some degree of economic magic from Ottawa in the way of job-creation programs plus loan and government deficits. It was left to Peter Lougheed to answer the tough question and suggest a currency devalued to 75 cents in relation to the U.S. dollar, a decline from the present 83 cents.

Other premiers swiftly assumed the same position, but without recognizing publicly that the Alberta treasury stands to gain possibly \$20 million for



MacEachern, new P.E.I. Premier James Lee and Trudeau will that be cabbage or orange juice?

every one once the dollar falls since its real natural gas exports are priced in U.S. currency. On other matters before the province, Ottawa has renounced its right to tax such exports as part of the price for the September energy pact. Already Alberta is able to spend more per capita on social programs than any other province, while at the same time maintaining the lowest provincial debt.

Fresh from a Barbados vacation, Lougheed reasoned that the lower dollar would force Canadians to switch to cheaper Canadian-made products. Ottawa economists doubted his logic as assets evaporated, and pointed to the instance of Lougheed, Hakeney and Richard Hatfield as examples of the losses Saskatchewan tried to disguise a devalued dollar. One finance department member-observer said that only if Canadians stopped buying orange juice and started eating cabbage for breakfast would devaluation be effective. Purchasing foreign goods, with devalued dollars simply adds fuel to inflation and drives interest rates still higher.

Maclean's

1985.12.16

Thomas Courchesne, the new chairman of the Ontario Economic Council and a stern critic of Boney policies, shared provincial concerns about "lacking inflation as the basis of mortgage holders and small businesses." But, Courchesne, today's alternatives "don't look very good. The reason I think the government and the bank will get away with this is because people can't seem to come up with consistent alternatives."

Tradous and his four finance minister, Allan Rock, made it clear throughout the three days that they envisioned no alternative but to the stability on the precarious bed of Boney's economic development was discussed only in terms of the consequences that Tradous's Liberals obstinately were as paving the road to recovery. Even provincial bureaucrats who are serving long-term sentences in federal-provincial relations could not remember a conference where feelings were as bitter and the preparations so minimal. Not even a schedule of speakers had been prepared, giving some credence to the notion that so one really wanted anything more than the appearance of a debate.

Canada is the least intense of any industrialized nation to Boney's efforts to supply the best position of high interest to draw out the fever of inflation. Billions of dollars move back and



Empty job board in Toronto. If there's an election, I might get some work.

forth weekly across the common border. With every leap in U.S. interest rates, corporations move money into U.S. interest-bearing accounts, and thus knock the Canadian dollar down a notch. If you move Canadian interest rates markedly below the American ones, Boney warned, he could not pre-

dict how low the dollar would fall. "For one thing," he said flatly, "it's not allowed to happen."

Presenting it might mean trading U.S. interest rates back up to a 20-per-cent prime rate shortly, if Boney follows through with plans to widen the U.S. deficit by refusing to raise taxes to

changes made. Laboring to confront its deficit, the Tradous government proposes to slow the yearly rate of increase in the payments. And, angling for some public attitude for itself, Ottawa could use some of the savings to finance projects of its own in the provinces. By the time the premiers face home, the conflicts were as deep as ever.

For one thing, there is the fight over equalization, a principle so widely endorsed that it was inscribed in the new constitution. Payments (currently to Manitoba, Quebec and the four Atlantic provinces) are meant to allow provincial governments with small tax bases to supply public services comparable to

a national average. But that now pains a critical difficulty: Alberta's petro revenues have floated the national average high enough to make even Ontario a have-not province.

Among the changes Allan Rock proposed in his November budget is the adoption of Ontario as the standard. Ottawa argues that it would still dole out \$2.6 billion in equalization payments over the next five years. But the previous com-

plaint because that would be \$5 billion less than the current formula would yield. Last week, Pierre Tradous offered the premiers yet another scheme, which he said would produce \$1 billion more than the budget proposal. The province declined.

Also decided was a bank federal gesture for dealing with the Emboldened "Pancake Financing plan" (city-chief federal subsidies for medical and post-secondary education needs in the provinces. By cancelling what is known as the revenue guarantee (originally designed to prevent provincial losses from income tax changes 10 years ago), Ottawa proposes to save itself about \$1 billion over the next five years. Paycheque would still get about \$75 billion, but the provinces say education and health services would suffer. Tradous last week offered to delay other changes until 1984 in return for greater federal participation in education policy-making, that there was no deal.

The current equalization scheme—set for 1981—expires by law on March 31, and the government must now introduce a bill to replace it. Boney says it will be no further than the offer Tradous made to premiers last week, which portends an even louder provincial clamor in coming months. —Joan Hay

cover vastly higher defense spending. MacRae admitted he has no alternative plan. He has also discounted the idea of currency controls. "If you think we have economic problems now, just wait until you try to bring in currency controls," says Douglas Harper, senior vice-president of the Toronto Dominion Bank. "Nothing could convince people faster that Canada is an 100 [loss-driven] country!"

With over-employment at record levels and industrial activity at just 79 per cent of capacity, people may need little convincing. What may seem more incredible, however, is Ottawa's insistence that it get more credit for its situation or, in *MacRae's* somewhat description, "a higher degree of accountability in the visible sense." One of the more bizarre suggestions has been to put the Canada "work mark" (Canada with a Maple Leaf over the head "a") on Air Canada jets. The premiers have their own ideas as to how such display might be rendered after cuts in federal transfer payments. One angry provincial delegate wandered about pointing up red-and-white signs saying, PLEASE THROUGH CLOSED THIS HIGHWAY.

With Ottawa's post-budget credibility already extremely low, senior Tradous officials have given some thought to such draconian measures as wage and price controls—at least until the finance department can give the go-off to the Bank. Because of that, it was rumored that Tradous told the disastrous final session of the conference that "we have worsened that economic environment a thousand times more than the budget might actually have done by showing that we're unable to come to grips with the cause of inflation and [bearing] here with the message... there is no collective leadership emerging from here."

Tradous was sitting to Ottawa-bashing, but the previous trend to view such rhetoric as unhelpful drama, an attempt to create an emergency atmosphere that can best be met by federal government action. "The first one of us who goes to the polls is going to get it in the neck," one premier told the others, according to René Lévesque.

That may bring some joy to one further of two waiting in the Canada Employment Centre in downtown Vancouver. "If there's an election, I might get some work," he said. "Politicians always throw money around them to keep people happy." With such cynicism abounding in the land, some political leaders do stand to get it in the neck or lose their beach altogether.

With this, from Anne Byrne, Peter Daulton, George Woodard, Charles, Parker, Douglas, Peter Goss, Malcolm Gray, Mary Joanne, Randolph Gray, Robert Lewis, William Leathers and Anthony Webbington.

MANITOBA

Life and death, then and now

Last week, in the Winnipeg Law Courts Building, time wheeled back all the way to 1939 when, in the early hours of June 2, RCMP electronic John Down's naked body, hanged in a flower bed, was found suspended in front of his Parkhill Street home. Not until Jan. 22, 1961, were Down's widow, Katie Harper, 43, and her second and now estranged husband, Sandy Harper, 53, jointly charged with first-degree murder.

The trial opened and lumbered slowly toward work arguments between counsel and Mr. Justice Guy Kraft, which the jury of seven men and five women was not permitted to hear. They had to troop in and out of their places in the gloomy, grey-marbled courtroom, where the drums of crying fans made much of what they were allowed to hear all but inaudible. Then, once the crucial legal plea-work was completed, eager Crown counsel George Dufferinfield set out to prove that the Winnipeg couple wanted the 36-year-old Down out of their lives. They "executed a cold-blooded, deliberate murder," he said, by slitting Down's "vulnerable oesophagus of a sleeping man and dumping his body

out of a second-storey corner window." Retired RCMP corporal Clive A'hearn, who had been a constable when sent to investigate Down's death 22 years ago, read Katie Harper's statement to the court. He chronicled the adventures of a troubled Saskatchewan nurse named Katie Zahner, who had already borne one child out of wedlock and was befriended by Down after her first love had been killed on leave from Korea. Katie Zahner became Katie Down, and the anti-widow moved to Winnipeg. There, the relationship slowly crumbled despite the birth of two daughters, until, in Katie's account, Down was troubled by nerves and outbursts of temper. Humankind for his family in Newfoundland, he began making increasingly frequent sexual demands on 36-year-old Katie. Her statement declared: "It was not unusual for him to want intercourse three or four times a day. He was large, and this caused me discomfort. I refused a number of times and then he ceased to have intercourse."

Domestic pressures drove her into an affair with another man—a friend whose own wife was A'hearn's—reports show that Katie believed her husband was having an affair with another man—a friend whose own wife was A'hearn's—reports show that Katie believed her husband

Katie Harper, daughter Daphne. They lived a number of times and this caused trouble.



Ten angry men all crying 'more!'

Few transactions can please a government more than getting money for nothing and then getting the credit for spending it. That conclusion, drawn from a heated session among premiers by the fall-ascending stakes of federal-provincial transfer payments Quebec's René Lévesque stormed away from an afternoon's discussion during last week's economic conference fuming that a federal offer amounted to "bloody rage." Others were slightly less alarmed, but all knew the money stakes involved.

Every year the federal government writes cheques worth billions of dollars to all the provincial governments, with almost no strings attached. Provincial ministers then dispense this largesse, retaining the apparatus of a powerful public administration, every ribbon-cutting and every work-site-lap. But Ottawa has served notice that it wants some

Lévesque: "bloody rage"



land was unaware of her encounter with the man, some of which took place in a car on her way home from shift-work at Winnipeg's Deer Lodge Hospital. She went to see RCMP medical officer Dr. Eric Knox, who told the court that Kater was "depressed and anxious" and complained that "she had been sexually abused by her husband." His treatment included prescriptions for Solomid, Anafanil, the barbiturate used to drug Downs.

About a month and a half before Down's death, she "break up an association" with a Deer Lodge orderly, 40-year-old Alexander (Standy) Harper, and told Anafanil: "As far as I know, John didn't know I was running around with Standy." Together, the Crown alleges, the couple simulated the husband, "considered an obstacle to their continued association." Kater told Anafanil that Down "had nothing on, and I ran in and got a coat and covered him and ran over to the neighbors and asked them to phone the police and I thought John was dead."

Defence counsels Herby Walsh, acting for Kater Harper, and Harper's attorney, David Margolis, will not begin to detail their clients' cases until the Crown has called an estimated 30 witnesses. But some facts are already puzzling. In the first place, the exact cause of John Down's death has never been determined. An former Winnipeg General Hospital pathologist Dr. H.T.G. Strawbridge testified: "It was an odd case. We never were desperately [sic] satisfied."

Strawbridge found pinpoint hemorrhages on the upper part of Down's larynx, superficial neck bruises and a tear in the liver, and concluded at the 1989 inquest that Down died from the combined effects of the barbiturates and the fall from the window. "I think that the level of the barbiturates Solomid Anafanil would seriously compromise the victim," he said last week, "and any subsequent pressure on the neck and nasal passage would contribute to [his] demise." But he stressed that the level of Anafanil is the blood (two milligrams per 100 ml) was not, according to medical literature, a lethal dose.

The trial is expected to be long, with lawyers already plotting bets that it will not be over until spring. It will clearly be an extraordinary test of the court's stamina, the more so since they have not spoken to each other for years. Each morning last week Kater Harper, always clad in a neat blazer and pleated skirt, and her thin, stooped husband fled separately into Courtroom 3 and took their seats. Never looking at each other, they stared straight ahead, their strangely star-crossed lives unavoidably linked for as long as the trial lasts.

—LEONIE DREIER

ALBERTA

A test for a separate West

The issues of western separatism still flicker on the Prairies in the guise of the Western Canada Concept (WCC), Alberta's newest political party. Drawing workers from across the province, the 4,000-member WCC is in the midst of its first test, campaigning strenuously for the Feb. 17 by-election in the farm riding of Olds-Didsbury, 70 km south of Calgary.

Although the governing Tories hold 73 of the province's 79 seats, the modern by-election is drawing national interest. Not only is there the question

of how the separatists will fare, the vote could also foreshadow the fate of Alberta's shaky Social Credit party, which has only three seats in the House, down from its high of 60 when they ruled a 63-seat legislature in 1983. In any case, all parties are fighting the campaign in earnest, holding solid, aggressive candidates. And severely anyone is betting on the outcome.



Quartz (left) and Kenner—An opposition

of how the separatists will fare, the vote could also foreshadow the fate of Alberta's shaky Social Credit party, which has only three seats in the House, down from its high of 60 when they ruled a 63-seat legislature in 1983. In any case, all parties are fighting the campaign in earnest, holding solid, aggressive candidates. And severely anyone is betting on the outcome.

The vacant riding belonged to Bob Clark, a former Social leader who resigned his seat last Nov. 30, as the 21st anniversary of his election to office. For years, a Clark *Killdeer* no longer was as predictable as the sunrise at the seances. With his look-on-the-eye handshake and his gentle, congenial manner, Clark captured a 6,400-vote majority out of the 8,154 ballots cast in 1979.

New, Lloyd Chappell, a Didsbury rancher and former securities analyst, hopes to take Clark's place. Clark and Quartz can be regularly seen together in the riding, with Quartz promising to listen as hard and work as much as his

predecessor—no mean feat. Aside from the usual concerns about the economy and management of Alberta's burgeoning Herriage Pond, Quartz says the election's real issue is the need for opposition in Alberta.

Quartz's main opponent is the Tory candidate, Stephen Stiles, 46, an Olds lawyer who ran an insurance business in the riding for 14 years. Blasting the riding with his blue-and-orange literature, he is offering "a voice in government." His motivation could be no more far from the separatist-leaning West-Fed organization

sent more than 50 members to his meeting and West-Fed President Lloyd Chappell nominated Stiles. Stiles denies he is a separatist, but says he appreciates their principles.

Just how much the voters in Olds-Didsbury sympathize with the separatists is uncertain, but the WCC candidate, George Kenner, is buoyed by the recognition he has received so far. As he likes to point out, Kenner, who is also the WCC deputy leader and the only

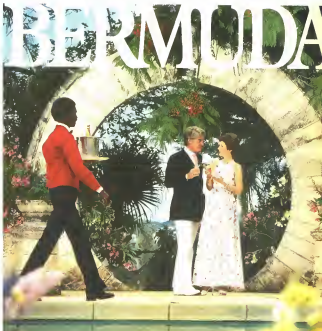
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WORLD

Mubarak carries off a high-wire act

By Michael Posner

In his first major trip abroad, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak seems to have registered a diplomatic triumph. In visits to West European capitals and the United States last week, Mubarak impressed his audiences with his grasp of current issues and his clear understanding of the course that will best legitimize his claim to Awarad Sadat's mantle of authority.

In Europe as well as the U.S., Mubarak shrewdly avoided those subjects likely to produce animosity: the conflict in south Lebanon, Israel's annexation of the Golan Heights and Saudi Arabia's Pahl peace plan for the region. Instead, the Egyptian leader stressed his nation's domestic needs—foreign investment, labor-intensive development and the rebuilding of its military. His hope is that policies that promote Egypt's economic health ultimately provide the best guarantees of peace as well.

It was an opportune time for Mubarak to undertake this mission. The Reagan administration is nervous about the fu-

ture of the Camp David accords, particularly after April 25 when Israel will cede its remaining Sinai territory to Egypt. Last month's attempt at shuttle diplomacy by Secretary of State Alexander Haig confirmed only that any agreement before April on the next phase—Palestinian autonomy in the West Bank and the Golan—is now impossible. Washington's interim position

is to ensure that neither the Egyptians nor the Israelis permanently derail the peace process.

As a result, says Washington consultant Aaron Rosenbaum, "the administration is anxious to stay 'yes' to Mubarak even before he opens his mouth." And while the state department and the Pentagon are in a giving mood, the Egyptian leader is willing to receive. He graciously accepted White House pledges to speed deliveries of new tanks

about Palestinian. After the five-year transition period mandated in the Camp David accord, autonomy, he said pointedly, must lead to full rights of self-determination.

Mubarak also declined several invitations to criticize his enemies in the Arab world, even Libya's Muammar Khadaffi, with whom Sadat wanted to go to war. The refusal to indulge in polemics is part of a deliberate strategy aimed at ending Egypt's isolation.

Notes American Enterprise Institute scholar Judith Kipper: "Egypt is ready to re-establish relations."

To help keep that door open, Mubarak also avoided comment on events unfolding in the 194 General Assembly. There, Arab, Third World and East-West states joined to pass—by more than a two-thirds majority—a resolution calling for the severing of all relations with Israel in retaliation for its annexation of the Golan. Egypt's statement on the vote made clear that it is determined to remain neutral as Arab states consider launching an attempt to expel Israel from the world body—a move that could well fail in the face of Washington's threat to boycott the UN.

At the same time, to avoid angering the Israelis, Mubarak conspicuously omitted any mention of the PLO and stopped short of calling for a Palestinian state on the West Bank. His operative phrase was "national entity"—a delicate configuration that might please all parties.

For the Reagan administration, he was careful to reiterate his support for the Camp David process and to insist that his request for 60 Soviet submarines did not represent any new Egyptian rapprochement with Moscow. "We need them to complete negotiations which they started," he told a Moscow Press Club luncheon. "When they are finished, they will leave. We don't need any more population in our country."

In a 40-minute session with 15 leaders of Jewish organizations, the Egyptian president alleged fears that Sadat would agree with Menachem Begin on the shape of West Bank autonomy would imperil the normalization of trade and diplomatic relations. "Camp David is the only document we have," Mubarak said. "It is our only commitment. The Pahl plan is only a draft and there is nothing new in it. We will abide by the treaty."

It was clear from Mubarak's statements that he still sees Washington as Egypt's best form of leverage in dealing with Israel. He hopes the administration, particularly because of Reagan's instinctive loyalties to the Jewish state, can persuade the Israelis to yield territory for peace. Still, with his performance last week, Hosni Mubarak was casting lines near and far and keeping all his options open. □

WASHINGTON

Drawing the line on El Salvador

After a heated session with skeptical senators on Capitol Hill last week, U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig renewed links to the leaders to a coalition of war on El Salvador. Red-shed and out of breath, Haig wanted to brief his assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs on a coming battle—the guerrilla offensive in the Central American republic lest a political truce within the Reagan administration itself.

Two reports last week highlighted differences within the administration over the interpretation of current events in El Salvador and Haig's announced intention to "do what is necessary" to avert the defeat of the junta. His own refusal to rule out military intervention. The New York Times detected "winklings," particularly among military officers, about whether Washington's current approach could deal with a deteriorating, as well as a viable, situation. "We are not abandoning the administration directly," said the Times, "these officials ask whether President Reagan and his intimates



Salvadorans mourn civilians killed by the military—an improved human rights record?

have asked the military how far they are prepared to go to prevent a guerrilla victory."

A report in The Guardian of London was more specific. It said that Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger is "at the center of a fierce militant dispute about U.S. policy in El Salvador." He had led reporters at a private dinner party in Washington of his appointment, not only to military intervention of any kind but also to suggestions that Cuba and Nicaragua might have to be blockaded to prevent arms shipments from those nations to El Salvador. Weinberger's stance, said The Guardian, is in sharp contrast to that of Haig. "The split now starting to surface in the cabinet is reflected in Congress, where there is growing worry about the administration's policy," the newspaper concluded.

That concern clearly was evident during last week's deliberations on El Salvador on Capitol Hill. The debate focused on evidence given by Haig and Rosters to congressional committees and on President Ronald Reagan's own indication that the junta's human rights record had improved and directly to justify continued military and economic aid. In fact, the government of President Jose Napoleon Duarte is to receive a total of \$81 million in military aid this year, including \$10 million to rebuild its air force, which was severely mauled by a guerrilla attack on the Paganosa air base (Monrovia, Feb. 8). Reagan also plans a further \$110 million in economic aid.

With evidence of several recent atrocities by government troops fresh in their minds, legislators and Reagan's certification council "I am disappointed that the president would put his signature to this document," said Representative Michael Barnes (Dem-Ma.). Haig's assertion, strongly echoed by Rosters, was that the "threat to democracy from opponents of peaceful change is particularly acute in El Salvador." But Representative Gerry Studds (Dem-Mass.) accused Haig of tailoring state department reporting to justify continued aid. "If you can rationalize Duarte's human rights record, you can rationalize anything," he said.

At week's end, there seemed little chance that Congress could dam the administration's support that there were increasing indications that Haig's and Rosters' interpretation—"the decisive battle for Central America is under way in El Salvador," said the assistant secretary—is now under challenge. The CIA linked stories that the two men had advanced far beyond working-level intelligence analysts in their assertion that Cuba and the Soviet Union are supplying arms via Nicaragua to El Salvador's guerrillas. And President Reagan cancelled a strong anti-Cuban, pro-Chinese speech he had been expected to deliver this week. Weinberger's "wait-and-see" approach presumably led to president's caution. For his part, Haig wanted the speech made at once. It was a setback he can ill afford.

—WILLIAM LOWMYER



Protesters seize a barricade protesting their exclusion from the Sinai town of Taba; Mubarak with Reagan's allocation

and P-16 fighter planes, to provide an additional \$400 million in economic and military aid in 1983 and to permit Egyptian planners more leeway in deciding where the funds should be spent.

But what really struck a sympathetic chord in Washington was Mubarak's ability to tailor his remarks for audiences of all political persuasions. For his Arab brethren, he spoke fearfully



Endless troops if necessary

The neglected Ulster factor

On the date of this month's Irish election is being fought over a single, all-important issue: what to do about the nation's near-bankrupt economy. The debate has grown even more acrimonious since the Fine Gael-Labour coalition of Prime Minister Garrett FitzGerald failed to win parliamentary approval for the toughest budget in Irish history on Jan. 21. Former prime minister Charles Haughey, leader of the opposition Fianna Fail, rattled the measure as "inhuman."

Still, while the rhetoric on the hustings is dominated by economics, another crucial issue will be decided when 1.1 million Irish voters go to the polls on Feb. 19: the future of the republic's relationship with strife-torn Northern Ireland.

The sudden downfall of FitzGerald's seven-month-old coalition—an agreement over-ride margin—reflected a growing uneasiness between Dublin and Belfast in a long-term strategy for the reunification of Ireland. An agreement had been reached to set up an Anglo-Irish Council with a mandate to hold regular meetings as Ulster at prime ministerial level. More important, the agreement made it clear that London would raise no objections should the two islands reach a mutually acceptable formula for reunification. And in an attempt to make the idea of unity more palatable to Ulster's dominant Protestants, FitzGerald had suggested that the republic would abandon its constitution's claims on the north and change its strict laws on divorce and other religious matters.

While the proposals met a lukewarm response locally, London told them far more practical than any made in the past. As a result, no one was more alarmed by FitzGerald's defeat than James Pross, British secretary of state for Northern Ireland. He was about to unveil a plan for the devolution of political power to Ulster—necessary before any real moves toward unity could be made. But he quickly shelved it until after the election.

On the hustings, however, the format issue—despite the efforts of five candidates from Sinn Féin, the political wing of the IRA—remains who will form the next government. Garrett or Charles Haughey? Little doubt about the answer where the coalition left: FitzGerald's better medicine—a tax increase of up to 30 per cent on some consumer items—seemed certain to turn voters' stomachs. But recently the charismatic



FitzGerald fought budgets in history

FitzGerald has made a comeback, and at week's end a poll gave him a towering 35-point lead.

Nevertheless, his followers were still having a hard time convincing voters that a 51.2-million-for-the-pound deal had the austerity. As Dublin housewife Mary McGuire commented: "It must be themselves that's to blame. I owe nobody anything."

—BRENDAN KEESAN in Dublin

RHODE ISLAND

The Case of the Sleeping Beauty

Had America's chronicle of the very rich, P. Brent Fitzgerald, collaborated with Raymond Chandler, the dream of America's mystery-crazed readers might have come up with a best seller to rival the Case of the Sleeping Beauty. The plot outline: a shy, vulnerable heiress to a \$35-million fortune, with bones as Melodramas Row in Newport, R.I., and Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, slips into a mysterious coma from which she will never awake. Her husband, an attorney. Data with a Cambridge law degree, a

phony nurse—Chloe van Bliow—and a test for money, soon definitely but is known to keep a 35-year-old male nurse on the side. Moreover, he stands to inherit half his wife's fortune.

The heiress' claims, from her first marriage to an Austrian prince, became suspicious of their child, but very brave, stepfather. The heiress' loyal maid-servant of 20 years also ends a heady episode as the emotion and starts satisfying evidence. In particular, a small black bag containing springs, needles and drugs including valium and amphetamines. The district attorney is summoned, van Bliow is killed, then arrested. The high-walled enclave of Newport is thrown into a frenzy, and drugs mean as the gift or exposure of the husband indicted on two counts of attempting to murder his wife.

If anything, the fictional flavor only served to heighten the reality is a Newport courtroom last week as a jury listened to testimony (including van Bliow, 55, to the 13-month ordeal of his 40-year-old wife. Marib, known to her friends as Sunny 88ting usually, almost prayerfully, was Bliow heard prosecutor Stephen Pangrell argue that on Dec. 18, 1982, Sunny (pale) had possessed with an overdose of insulin administered by her husband.

Not only that, Pangrell said it was van Bliow's second attempt to kill her and inherit her fortune. "As the drug took effect," added the prosecutor, "Mrs. Bliow lay down in the house waiting for her to die."

Typing the scales of justice in the other direction, van Bliow's defense attorney, white-haired Herald Price Fahringer, argued that his client was a devoted husband who, for 13 years, tolerated his wife's refusal to have sexual relations with him. Fahringer also described Sunny van Bliow as a woman who drank heavily and ate great quantities of sweets. As well, he maintained, she daily consumed up to 20 aspirin, three or four boxes of laxative tablets and a pharmacological nightmare of tranquilizers and barbiturates. Her coma was the result of a self-administered dose of amphetamine, said Fahringer, who has made a reputation by defending Mellon and corrupt politicians. "What happened to her," he added, "was not anyone's fault but her own. If there is one thing we resent, it is the suggestion

that Mr. van Bliow was acting in an unethically fashion."

After three weeks of general argument in which the defense tried unsuccessfully to lay evidence, the prosecution called its first witness, Prince Alexander van Auenburg, Sunny van Bliow's son by her first marriage. He told the jury that his mother twice spoke of wanting a divorce. "She said she was unhappy," he testified. "She said it was something so horrible she didn't want to tell me."

Next to testify was Sunny's faithful maid, Maria Schindlhamer, whose constant vigilance and early suspicions made her the prosecution's star witness. Schindlhamer described her mistress as a light drinker, "a very good



Mrs. Bliow did the deed for her wife to die?

golfed and good swimmer." On Dec. 27, 1979—a year before she helped into coma—Sunny was unconscious and near death, said Schindlhamer. But van Bliow had refused to call a doctor until the end of the day. "He would not let me," she testified. "I was alone with her and was holding her in my arms until the doctor arrived." When Sunny fell into a coma, van Bliow had prevented her from accompanying her mistress to Newport. "He told me I should remain in New York for a rest."

The courthouse is close to the 18-acre Georgian manor where van Bliow lived with his wife. But during the trial he has been resting in a nearby hotel. His lawyers have also set up a temporary office there. But as the legal arguments rage and Newport gossip chatter, the woman who could shed a blinding light on the affair lies dormant in the sleep of the dead. —JANE O'HARA

MASSACHUSETTS

Kennedy's telltale tapes

When the Kennedy Library in Cambridge, Mass., disclosed nine years ago that President John F. Kennedy had tape-recorded Oval Office conversations, few Americans took much notice. The nation was preoccupied with Watergate and the tapes of another chief executive, Richard M. Nixon. But last week, with the publication of the full catalogue of the contents and the discovery of the JFK tapes and Dictabelts, sparked a new controversy—on both the ethics of presidential taping and the historical impact of the contents.

In the last 16 months of his presidency, The Washington Post revealed, Kennedy secretly taped some 275 personal phone conversations and 360 meetings. Few important figures of the era escaped the tapes cabinet secretaries, world leaders (including former Canadian prime minister Lester Pearson), economists and advisors, the president's brothers and his wife. More startling still, the list of subjects discussed in a veritable inventory of the tapes includes that fabled Kennedy administration.

For historians, the audio archive represents a potential treasury of fresh insights into Kennedy's frame of mind, a broad spectrum of foreign and domestic issues. The trappings from the Massachusetts civil rights movement to the embryonic growth of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia.

Concomitantly, the contents of cabinet and National Security Council meetings will also provide interpretations on a range of issues, including the October, 1962, Cuban missile crisis. The three telephone talks with Pearson deal with U.S.-Canadian labor issues.

The first transcripts will likely be released in a secretarial review, according to Don H. Felt, director of the Kennedy Library, many of the tapes contain sensitive data. On national security grounds, Felt believes, these may never be declassified.

Beyond the question of content, of course, lies the propriety of the self Kennedy's secretary, Evelyn L.

ouch, insists that JFK's sole motive was historical accuracy. Especially after the Bay of Pigs incident, when various presidential advisors hastily tried to distance themselves from their own counsel, Kennedy was anxious to keep an accurate ledger.

As for ethics, the *Atlantic* is divided. For some, such as former under secretary of state George Ball, taping is "a good idea. There shouldn't be any privacy when you are a government official talking to the president." If you need to speak candidly, others added,



Pearson with Kennedy in 1962: questionable ethics

the Rose Garden is right outside the door. Still others whose names appear on the logs insist there is something inherently dishonorable in the deed. "I consider it highly improper," said Senator Russell Long (Dem-La.). Added former Kennedy advisor Fred Dutton: "I don't think presidents have many rights to invade privacy than anyone else."

As week's end, an word leaked out that even Harry Truman used tapes, the Reagan administration moved quickly to satisfy curiosity about its own record-keeping. Apart from press conferences, a Reagan spokesman said, the White House makes no audio records of the president's meetings with staff, cabinet members or visiting dignitaries. It is an assurance he may have to repeat many times to satisfy the nation's skeptics. —M.F.



Van Auenburg: "something horrible"

Is World War III inevitable?

Next month, President Ronald Reagan will ask Congress for an additional \$400 billion to spend the buildup of America's nuclear and conventional arsenal. At the same time, Moscow's military strategists are racing ahead with one of the most audacious—and threatening—weapons buildups ever undertaken. Neither superpower tries to disguise its intentions. Each is preparing for the unthinkable—a nuclear war that would reduce most of the world to rubble. In Western Europe, where the first deadly exchanges would almost certainly take place, the fear is as tangible as the sting of the February frost.

But the maneuvering room for the Continent's statesmen is circumscribed by a highly vocal left-wing pacifist movement, and the glue that once bound the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) into a formidable fighting machine seems to be coming unstuck. The result is confusion and an ever-rising sense of danger.

To assess the current situation, Maclean's Editor Peter C. Newman recently toured Western Europe and consulted with defense officials there, as well as those in Washington and Ottawa. His report:

By Peter C. Newman

Honestly, like the teeth of an inexperienced lawyer, the chilliest snow falls on the bunker-like headquarters of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Here, in one of Brussels' dreariest suburbs, men whose blue-veined hands and liver spots betray these Cold War veterans control the Western edge of the nuclear balance of terror that will determine the outcome of the 20th century. Collectively, they resemble a convention of self-important optimists. But their habitué appearance is deceiving. Across the bitter years and howling winters of the Cold War, they have kept the faith.

Even if Western Europe's youth has been in the streets marching against them, they have managed to hold the alliance together for more than three harsh decades, granting the Continent its longest period of peace this century.

The Brussels three men inhabit a city more of moods than climate, with the diplomatic temperature between Washington and Moscow determining the meteorology of the moment. Lately, the political barometer has been falling. Even if these men remain outwardly confident, their more relaxed, third-martin assessment of the prospect for peace is anything but reassuring.

If a Third World War is not inevitable, it has become a real possibility. Military strategists of all the major powers are quietly abandoning their long-sacrosanct notion of mutual deterrence, when judged the guarantee against nuclear conflict. They are busy instead plotting how best to wage and win an atomic exchange. The unspeakable is being discussed, the unthinkable is being contemplated.

Finding themselves outnumbered and outgunned, NATO's planners have reluctantly accepted the notion that the only truly viable deterrent is a nuclear war in the willingness to fight one. As a result, Europe seems at the brink of either war or a major realignment of the forces that have shaped its post-1945 history. Like a chessboard on which every gambit is covered, no one feels free to make the first move.

The urgency for a dramatic realignment springs from the fact that, for the first time since it was forged in the hopeful springtime of 1949—largely as the brainchild of Canada's Lester B. Pearson—NATO has definitely lost its military superiority over the Soviet empire. Gone is any certainty among its down European members that either the conventional arms available or America's nuclear umbrella can outweigh the Continent's security. The professional heads of the generals, admirals and ambassadors who run the alliance's bureaucratic fortress in Belgium is increasingly disturbed by a 30-decade isolation, the darkest impression that they are caught in the tightening noose of circumstances beyond their control.

What frightens them most is the confluence of military, economic and political trends, tagged by U.S. ex-secretary of state Henry Kissinger as the Soviets' "window of opportunity."

According to this theory, the 1980s would be the ideal season for the U.S.S.R. to go on the offensive, while its military might is at a peak and before domestic economic problems begin to constrain Soviet options. NATO has acknowledged this state of heightened emergency by hammering out at least a rhetorically unanimous condemnation of Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski's military regime and by persuading most of its members, including Canada (page 38), to hike their defense budgets.

The NATO arsenal of men and weapons remains impressive, with its standing army of three million men, 4,300 tanks,

100 jet aircraft and a fleet of more than 200 warships. "But in relative terms, the balance of conventional military power between NATO and the Warsaw Pact is swinging in favor of the Soviets," says Admiral Sir James Eberle, until recently one of the alliance's chief military chiefs and now in charge of the Royal Navy's Home Command. "If we allow this trend to continue, then we should recognize our military commanders will have less flexibility in executing conventional strategies and the nuclear threshold [that point at which NATO either has to go nuclear or surrender] will fall."

With some exceptions, NATO members have stuck to their pledges of raising their defense spending to three per cent of their gross national product. But the pace of Soviet rearmament has accelerated so remarkably in recent years that the Warsaw Pact countries' *Red Star* newspaper now outnumbers NATO's by almost 17,000 tanks, 2,700 combat jets and about 50 nuclear submarines. "Even with the assumed 48 hours' warning time," says Nils Ørvik, director of the Centre for





International Relations at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., "NATO would lose. The mobilization of NATO reserve forces would most likely require too much time to become effective. It made sad harsh terms, the choice would then be either to accept conventional defeat or escalate to the nuclear level."

Not only that, NATO's confidence is further eroded by the fact that after more than three decades of trying, the alliance still has not accomplished any significant weapons standardization. That sad failure means that in any conflict NATO's national forces simply could not respect each other. Thirty-two different aircraft weapons are currently in use, for example, along with 20 different families of tactical combat aircraft and 41 types of naval guns.

Originally, NATO strategy was based on a "massed and shield" concept, with a theoretical 90 allied divisions able to build off any Soviet invasion long enough for the U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command to strike at the enemy's home bases. The 90 divisions never materialized, and, in fact, NATO's conventional strength has drastically declined during the past decade, particularly at sea (page 37). An approach benignly labelled "seamless deterrence" has now become NATO doctrine. Stripped of its military pargen, this means that NATO's response to any Soviet aggression, conventional or not, would rapidly and automatically escalate into a tactical nuclear exchange.

Pushed beyond endurance by what Canada's minister of national defence, Gilroy Lamontagne, has called "the astonishing and alarming growing power of the Soviet Union," NATO has reluctantly accepted the datum that it has to demonstrate its willingness to use nuclear weapons if there is to be any hope of preventing a Third World War. "We must," NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns told Monclon, "keep Moscow in uncertainty about whether or not we will use these weapons. But the launching of nuclear missiles can never be completely automatic because both the U.S.S.R. and



The Soviet menace

AIR

The Tupolev Backfire, with a wing-wing, carbon-fibre-reinforced polymer capable of carrying five-tall bombs or air-to-surface missiles, entered service in the mid-1970s. Thirty such aircraft are built each year.

SEA

The Typhoon 33,000-tonne strategic ballistic missile submarine was launched from the Severodvinsk Naval Shipyard in 1980. This shipyard, one of five Soviet yards building submarines, has produced several different classes in the past decade.

LAND

Soviet theatre nuclear forces are being deployed in increasing numbers against Western Europe and Asia. Some 250 SS-20 mobile SS-20 nuclear warhead and cruise missile can be deployed in the near operational, greatly increasing Soviet power.



British NATO personnel at manoeuvres in Britain. FG-1 Trident missile test off Cape Canaveral last month 'window of opportunity'



Americans know that if they escalate, within eight minutes the other side will reply in kind—and that might be the end of these civilisations."

Despite such disclaimers, Desmond Ball, a military specialist writing as NATO for the authoritative London-based Institute for Strategic Studies, notes: "Today's principal concerns relate to the period following the initiation of a strategic nuclear exchange—in the questions of nuclear war objectives, such as targeting plans and policies, the dynamics of escalation during a strategic nuclear exchange and the termination of such an exchange."

His concerns are shared by Nico Paoletti, an Italian senator and a former deputy supreme commander for NATO nuclear affairs. Paoletti recently explained that "Europe is to be transformed into a 'nuclear Magnet Lane' for the defence of the United States."

But the man who probably possesses the most precise knowledge of NATO's controlled nuclear escalation timetable is Robert Falls, the Canadian admiral who currently heads the alliance's pivotal military committee "NATO strategy," he told Maclean's. "It is to use nuclear weapons first if we are faced with overwhelming conventional odds and if retreat or surrender are the only alternatives. At the moment we don't have enough of a conventional edge to alter that strategy. We don't even war-game it. My personal feeling is that NATO ought to get itself strong occasionally so that we could say we will never be the first to use nuclear weapons."

The first and threat of war would quickly reveal NATO's fatal flaw: all major policy decisions have to be unanimous, and every member has an equal vote. It takes a considerable leap of imagination to suppose that, for instance, a future ally, one of West Germany's most aggressive allies, might be the

nuclear weapon from his home ground against East Germany—yet this is the most likely flash point for a Third World War. "The most pessimistic assessment I have of the warning time we would get of a major Soviet invasion into Europe is about five days," says Lamm. "What worries me is that in times of crisis, some governments, with the completely mistaken idea that nuclearisation would exacerbate the situation, would vote against it. Yet this would be the last chance to stop a conflict."

Any hope of halting a nuclear exchange at some level of sanity would depend on world leaders being able to keep on constant touch with one another so that at least a forest of bargaining would continue to exist.

Then brings up the issue, from dozens of bad novels and worse films, of a hyper-ventilating president of the United States terribly whooping into a red hotline telephone to his opposite number in the Kremlin. The facts are slightly more prosaic and a lot less confidence-inspiring: There is a hotline and it runs from the Pentagon through London, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Helsinki to Moscow. But NATO's confidential records show that in 1964 a third tapped out a non-verbal message of the noble one (Helinski, 12 months later a fire in a warehouse at Rosedale, Md., put the direct again, so did a careless farmer plowing his fields in northern Finland and a Russian ship that ran aground on the east coast of Denmark. At one point a Finnish postal worker's strike put transmissions "hotline" out of commission for several hours. The only alternative is to look it up through communications satellites, but they would be among the first victims of a nuclear exchange, the U.S.S.R. now has weapons capable of destroying such atmospheric instruments.

—The editorial of this December 1983, the current

Paying the premium for peace

Loren St. Laurent, who was prime minister when Canada joined NATO in 1949, once powerfully explained that later membership in the alliance was comparable to paying an insurance premium: we paid the premium and in return were granted national protection. For the first two decades Canada was an important military presence in NATO, fielding a full brigade that was acknowledged to be the best and the most powerful of such formations within the alliance. 12 squadrons of fighters that were the eyes of Europe's air defence, a 15-ship navy, including an aircraft carrier and destroyers with bullets that worked. Then, in 1970, the wind down began, half our brigade strength was cut so that it now is assigned merely to reinforcement functions. The war group's planes (CF-104s) are so ancient (the first prototype flew in 1954) that they are good only for reconnaissance flights, and the naval element has been reduced to a collection of Stodd's Arks tied up at Halifax shipyards.



In terms of the ratio of its gross national product spent on defence, Canada (at 1.3 per cent) ranks just ahead of Luxembourg, a tiny nation with a population less than that of metropolitan Winnipeg. Every NATO commander since De Gaulle has praised the quality of Canadian troops, but the size of our commitment has become a laughingstock. (We are also plagued by providing a battalion, followed by a brigade to be flown in from Petawawa, Ont., on 30 days' notice, to aid in the defence of northern Norway.)

Canada's contribution to the al-



Falls (left): Canadian NATO patrol in Norway exercise

liance has always had an immense symbolic value. It indicated a commitment to the defence of Western Europe by a nation that was the only NATO member neither protecting its own soil nor involved in the superpower competition.

There is some evidence that current trends are slowly turning around, mainly because of Defence Minister Gidday. Lammington's remarks to return some meaning to Canada's NATO commitment through the purchase of new equipment such as Leopard tanks and F-48 jets. Defence expenditures are due to reach \$9.8 billion by 1985—nearly twice the current level.



Haig (left) with Leites. Soviet gas pipeline to Western Europe caught on the twin hooks of conscience and expediency

debate about medium-range nuclear missiles in Europe takes in new and ominous dimensions. By Washington's count, the U.S.S.R. now has in place 250 medium-range SS-20s. Such has the necessary range to reach any of Western Europe's capitals with three SS-20s, separately or together, warheads containing killing power almost 30 times that of the primitive atomic device that fattened Hiroshima. While the Soviets continue developing two more of these missiles a week, the NATO buildup of SS-20 Pershing II and cruise missiles is not due to begin until 1982. By then, the U.S.S.R. will have 350 or 400 SS-20s in place, and U.S. intelligence agencies report that a new model will carry 48 nuclear warheads.

Although the Geneva disarmament talks aimed at demilitarizing this battle of existing U.S.S.R. missiles and preventing U.S. retaliatory weapons from being installed are grinding its people in Europe are not holding their breath. Negotiations on reduction of conventional forces between NATO and the Warsaw Pact are well into their eighth year with no discernible progress. Georgios Marbutis, secretary-general of the French Communist Party, probably summed up the chances for agreement most aptly when he dismissed dialogue as "the right of the imperialists to be beaten without it that being free."

For informed Europeans subscribe to Ronald Reagan's observation with a worldwide Communist conspiracy, but they do recognize the successful direct and indirect application of Soviet power when they see it—in Hungary (1956), Czechoslovakia (1968), Yemen (1967), Somalia (1970), Angola (1975), Nicaragua (1977), Afghanistan (1979) and Poland (1981).

Paradoxically, the greatest long-term threat to NATO comes not from its enemies but from within. Despite U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig's most fervent efforts, the tiny alliances of the power world are beginning to disintegrate, leaving only Western European statesmen, in the late Antonio Devian's memorable phrase, "wreckage on the twin hooks of conscience and expediency." Even if the Eisenhower record change that "the Atlantic Alliance is in the early stages of what could be a terminal illness" is too harsh a judgment, the centrififugal forces tearing at NATO are growing stronger. No alliance can prosper when its members

hold such radically differing views of the enemy it was established to fight. The consequences of the widening gulf in the European and American perceptions of the Kremlin's intentions are easier to recognize than to explain. It is less a difference of knowledge than of intuition, more the legacy of experience than any deep philosophical rift. For most Europeans, history isn't something you view at White House press conferences or state department deep backgrounders. Europe breathes its history, cities and streets are haunted by ghosts of vanished empires. A wall at Hagenstein, near Warsaw, still bears the postmarks of the Duke of Wellington's cannon that shattered Napoleon's dreams of empire in the bloody summer of 1815. Along the way is a modest plaque to the British Commonwealth Guard regiment that held the line there in 1945. Nothing in Europe is really new. A University of London professor has just published a book titled *Alphons and Jernsenns* in 1956 to 1958 dealing with the troubles of 1956 to '60. American critics of Helmut Schmidt's economic bargaining with the Soviets forget that more than a century ago the Ruhr steelworkers were supplying Russia when Germany was still a backward province and the Ruhr was only a small town in St. Petersburg's Winter Palace. Almost everything on the Continent is based on habit and spirit older than the power lines that, for example, the mooring post down by the harbor of Belgium large capitals who are Dutch are a recognized flag quite different from that of Belgium. Belgium capitals who happen to be Protestant.

The same intense delivery of grief and remembrance that keeps Rotterdam and Dusseldorf from European tangents refuses to permit the notion of a nuclear war to be identified with nuclear doctrine. The great notion represented by such desecrated words as peace, free enterprise and freedom can still cause Americans to argue. But Europeans know that a Third World War will find them in the frontline trenches, their cities turned to moonscapes. That's why they're fresh out of delusions, and that's why their political leaders—trying to square the circle of demoralizing armaments abroad without making repudiation at home—keep getting themselves defeated.

Faced by what they regard as an elaborate abdication of responsibility by formerly dependable partners, the American assume European politicians of "pre-emptive surrender"—a phrase that has to do with Soviet Chamberlain's umbrella. U.S. Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger has been pointedly reminding Western European audiences about the false prophets of the 1930s who "dismissed as alarmist and warmongering the warnings of men like Winston Churchill, who saw the threat for the terrible danger it posed." NATO's main dilemma used to be the question of American mobility in Europe now. Now the concern has been reversed (The associations of having a "Machete mentality," European critics with their "1944 analogy," which implies that war will come not through attempting to reach an accommodation with the Soviets but as the result of mutual miscalculation and misunderstanding.)

What few U.S. diplomats appreciate is the Continent's startling new demography. Fifty half of contemporary Europe's citizens were born after the end of the Korean War, the last conflict in which the United States could claim moral superiority. The generation now moving into power in most of Europe's indigenous institutions has no memory of the Americans as liberators, as sponsors of the Marshall Plan or as Cold War heroes. Their attitude towards the U.S. is based on the image of the American as a war-cracking peasant in black pyjamas in the rice paddies of Vietnam. Apart from

their resultant revulsion, they ask themselves why North Vietnam was never conquered, why Fidel Castro continues thumbing his nose at the White House, why the Americans acted so impulsively in the face of Iran's revolutionaries, why Washington supports a repressive junta in El Salvador.

These are uncondemnable issues, not easily resolved by Washington inspired talismans of the Cosmostrat. Most new over concepts and incomparably blunder record on human effects. The most thoughtful condemnation of communist's effects on the meetings of French philosopher Raymond Aron, who has questioned the original Marxist vision in terms of accepting the existence of gulags. Aron's Ave: "If the virtues of an economic regime are measured by its capability to answer the wishes of the population, suppress the national allocation of resources and efficiently produce the goods necessary to the physical and mental well-being of individual people, the Soviet experience remains the most spectacular failure in history."

That may be true. But it gives cold comfort to those Europeans convinced that U.S. defense strategy remains predicated on the Clausewitzian doctrine of trading space for time, designed to protect their home territory by trying to confine future hostilities to the battlegrounds of Europe—as was the case in two previous world wars. Even though this does not in fact reflect the military planning of either the Pentagon or NATO, most Europeans go to extraordinary

From sea to sea: size, speed and power

The key to NATO's hopes of containing any conventionally armed Soviet assault lies in the speed with which North American reinforcements could be brought across the Atlantic to provide the fire and manpower that might deter a pause before forcing an escalation to nuclear weapons. Confidential NATO estimates indicate that 12 million tons and 14 million men of supplies would have to be moved across the ocean during the first 30 days of fighting just to hold the line. This would require 2,000 merchant ships—which would place an average of 300 cargo vessels at sea at any one time—in need of naval protection.

That is why Moscow has given priority to a massive maritime buildup. During the past few years the Soviets have launched 10 major new weapons-grade and modernized submarines every month, according to the authoritative Jane's Fighting Ships. Russian underwater strength is estimated at 271 first-line submarines, the largest of them being the 32,000-ton Typhoon-class, which measures the length of two football fields. The most advanced model is thought to be the titanium-hulled Alpha class boat, which has been tracked underwater at speeds up to 42 knots. The most powerful element in the Soviet surface fleet is the Kirov-class nuclear-powered cruiser, which carries 16 attack helicopters and 96 missiles in rechargeable launchers, some with projectiles that travel at six times the speed of sound.

"The Soviet maritime threat," Admiral Sir Henry Leah, Britain's First Sea Lord, told *Newsweek*, "is formidable and continues to increase. The real cause of anxiety is in the relative state of improvement in Soviet naval forces—it is more than double that of the West. This buildup goes way beyond any reasonable requirements for defense and can only be interpreted as being offensive. For reasons of geography, if the West were denied use of the sea-lanes, it would be a catastrophe,

if the Soviets were to be similarly denied, it would merely be an inconvenience."

Asked what the success of any future hostilities might be, Sir Henry replied: "If war broke out tomorrow, NATO would win, but not quickly or easily, and we'd get a very bloody nose. But timing is crucial to that answer. Unless the current imbalance in the rate of naval capabilities is turned around, the answer would be very difficult. You can't develop new weapons systems in much under 10 years. We need to do something pretty smartly."

Leah, the smaller Kirov, armed beyond defense requirements



SOVIET MILITARY FORCES



lengths to provide subsidies for Soviet transgressions, including the Kremlin's recent invasion of Afghanistan and the suppression of Poland's bid for liberalism. Determined to establish their own, rather than imported, values, Western Europeans no longer feel they have to choose between being beholden to either of the superpowers and would dearly love to reject the influence of both.

Added to these political considerations is the current economic slump. Even though the European Community's gross national product passed that of the United States in 1978, inflation is hovering at 12.5 per cent, and unemployment has reached an unprecedented 10 million. Whipped by a combination of the OPEC oil price jumps, high U.S. interest rates and the falling value of the American dollar, European businessmen are searching for trade wherever they can find it, including lucrative export orders from the U.S.S.R. Communist trade with 80,000 partners in Europe is now about one-third of the current level of exports/imports between the United States and the Common Market. The country profiting the most from this commerce is West Germany, which accounts for 20 per cent of the U.S.S.R.'s trade with the West and has actually increased its exports to the Soviets by 30 per cent since

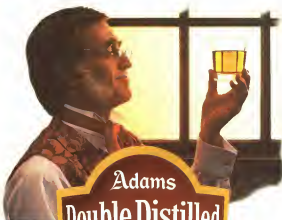
the invasion of Afghanistan—despite Washington's repeated calls for sanctions.

For their part, the Germans profess little faith in either the United States or trade restrictions. In one recent poll, only eight per cent of respondents expressed any confidence in American world leadership. (Another opinion sampling indicated that 46 per cent of the country's voters were in favor of military neutrality for both parts of Germany; the U.S.S.R. courties enormous potential leverage on the Federal Republic through offers to liberalize its contacts with East Germany and hints of eventual reunification.)

The sanctions issue has come to a boil over the proposed \$15-billion construction of a 4,800-km pipeline that would pump Siberian natural gas to Western Europe, eventually accounting for up to a third of France's and West Germany's energy supplies.

President Reagan has already barred American contractors from participating in the project, but both the French and the Germans are hanging tough. The pipeline's delicate implications are being watched with considerable trepidation at Bonn, where planners fear that once Germany and other European countries are able to satisfy their energy requirements directly from the U.S.S.R. they

Red Army on manoeuvre: 'We surrender' on the tape



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Sir Freddie Laker benighted

Stewardesses swept baggage handlers' route to the sun of Tenerife found themselves heading home unexpectedly to Manchester. At 8 a.m. based meeting at London's Gatwick Airport, Sir Freddie Laker, knight of the cut-rate airlines, had conceded defeat. After months of tense negotiations with bankers and airlines, Laker's Pan Am Airways had simply run out of cash—and time. Far more than any airline bankruptcy, what Laker termed his "crisis" sent a shock wave through the airline industry that he had revolutionized. Whether they greeted the news with despair or glee, Sir Freddie's friends and enemies agree that it may mark the end of an era, the age of mass travel at rates that vacationers, students, backpackers, motorists and group-wise granaries could afford.

In the teeth of better opposition from established carriers and endless foot-dragging by government regulators in Britain and the United States, Freddie Laker mounted the biggest challenge in memory is a commercial shipper. When his first-rate, first-class Skytrain flights began operation in 1977, their \$250 million-trip fare to London from New York ended competitors by more than 50 per cent. For airlines used to the mounting of the agreed-on fare set by the International Air Transport Association (IATA), Laker's entrance on the North Atlantic was an undeniable upset. Effectively, most had to match Sir Freddie's rates, though some undercut him far less. The result was a bonanza of low fares for travellers—many of whom had never boarded a plane before—but a financial bloodbath for Laker's IATA rivals. Laker's on the North Atlantic corridor last year started to move their \$250 million.

Still, very recently, Sir Freddie himself managed to stay in the black. The *Financial Times* reported that Laker's airline, based on legend, that kept Laker's "the best factor" in the airline industry occupied and paid for the state of the industry's highest. Knighted for his con-

tribution to British commerce shortly after Skytrain's initial takeoff, Laker was a most esteemed airline boss. Confident, suave, affable with the common touch, he would load baggage, write tickets, jolly up passengers and fly—with a bobbing champagne bottle in hand—an host of his company's maiden flights. In 1980, Laker's ambition moved him virtually to double his



Laker during better times: a most uncommon airline boss

first-on credit—and spin schemes of extending Skytrain service throughout Europe and around the world. Nothing, however, could have prepared him for the financial air pocket that world airlines first encountered in 1980 and that has been lowering profitability ever since. Sealed simultaneously by the surge in fuel prices that followed the Iranian revolution and a recession-induced falloff in passenger traffic—the first since the Second World War—the more than 100 airlines that belong to IATA shed fully \$900 million in operating losses for 1980. Sir Freddie said that, "This most year in civil aviation history." Last year, however, previous year wars, as many airlines engaged in desperate rate

was an once-luxurious route. Not even Laker was immune. The mortal blow was probably delivered by Pan American World Airways, which slashed its transatlantic fares to \$260 one way late last year, less than \$10 above Laker's. The move was matched by TWA and other competitors, setting off a new rate war that had even Sir Freddie sounding like a nervous reactionary. "Nothing less than suicidal," he snapped of the Pan Am cut. "It could endanger the fabric of the airline industry as a whole."

In fact, it did. Pan Am itself lost an astounding \$127 million on operations during the quarter when the price drought erupted—a total of \$369 million in 1981. But by cutting passengers away from Skytrain, Laker's fare factor dropped below 50 per cent—the rate by Pan Am and other airlines struck at Laker's jugular. Burdened with more than \$550 million in debts incurred during its 1980 first expansion, Laker's revenues—nearly half in pounds sterling—simply could not meet the firm's obligations. The loans, after all, had been negotiated when the pound was close to \$1.40. Last week it had fallen to \$1.37.

That forced Laker Airways to begin negotiating a \$1.5 billion stock-out of its debts to the U.S. Export-Import Bank, a consortium led by Britain's Midland Bank and Laker's suppliers, McDonnell Douglas and Airbus Industrie. Only a week ago, an agreement seemed imminent, and Sir Freddie declared himself to be "flying high." But now, however, Laker's bankers called a halt to hope overruns on the company's accounts. One reason for the deal's collapse was the reported reluctance of three of the banks in the Midland syndicate, themselves deeply enmeshed in loans to Poland, to take on any further risk.

Sir Freddie Laker Airways amid mounting from travellers—Canadian carriers thought to be the most likely to be Laker's 1980-81 summer flights to Britain—and disrupted flights from major airlines. But now, a spokesman for Trans-Canada Airlines,



Pan Am's chairman, C. Edward Jucker, Pan Am and others attack of Laker's popular

declared: "This is the big leagues and when you don't have the show-biz to withstand the competition, someone gets hurt. It was distressing that so many Laker employees would be out of work," he added, but "that's what happens when the competition gets hot." As if in deference to Laker's popularity, his British rivals were more sympathetic. Said British Airways chief executive, Roy Watts: "We don't get any pleasure out of the situation in which Sir Freddie finds himself." But regardless of the public statements, the real mood in most airline boardrooms was more likely one of triumph tinged with fear. The banks' unwillingness to bail out Sir Freddie can only be concerning for many airlines that are themselves in over the top.

Agreed that heaped, however, is the prospect of new gentlemen's agreements to boost fares—a process under way even as conditions eased Laker's assets. Assured of immunity from anti-trust action by a sympathetic Reagan administration, U.S. airlines are now hammering out accords with other IATA members that should send transatlantic fares up by 15 per cent or more by summer. The domestic U.S. fare wars—which have brought New York to Florida rates to a low making \$77 one way—were due for an armistice once by March 1, carriers will be hiking the price of those tickets to the \$135 level that prevailed until Christmas, while prices on most other U.S. routes rose 10 per cent as well.

But if Sir Freddie's departure prompts an attempt to return to the skies, one by the Canadian Airlines, Laker, who should inspire some caution among major airlines. With Laker's own fleet

likely soon to be up for sale, there are literally dozens of wide-bodied jets glutting the world's used-aircraft market. In the far more competitive environment that Sir Freddie himself helped forge, if prices go too high, too fast, someone surely will have the wit to buy some and try, try again.

—LEONARD GREEN

With Sir Freddie in London and Shona Miller in Toronto.

The changing face of Alsands

As the federal government was lifting billion-dollar wage freezes last week so a way in and the oil market moved on the seven-year-old Alsands consortium and its \$15-billion oil sands mining project were slowly unveiling. Two partners—Amoco

with 10 per cent ownership) and Chevron Standard, U.S. airlines are now eight per cent—announced they were pulling out. The reason: the anticipated rate of return on the \$15-billion investment in the oil sands mining project was not enough under the final government offer made in January.

But if Sir Freddie's departure prompts an attempt to return to the skies, one by the Canadian Airlines, Laker, who should inspire some caution among major airlines. With Laker's own fleet

same time, a fourth partner, Dome Petroleum, with a 10 per cent stake, including a share held by Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas, was taking a "hard look" at pulling out. "We think this is a very important project for the country," says Dome Corporate Manager Colin Kew, but he adds, "If it's not economic for Dome, we won't be able to go ahead."

Dome and the other partners' will outline their position at a crucial meeting of the Alsands consortium executive committee in Calgary Feb. 13. There, participants will indicate whether they are still interested in continuing, whether they want to increase their interest by picking up shares vacated by the others, or whether they want to reduce their share but maintain a small interest. They will base their decisions on the terms of the offer by the federal government and Alberta, which makes the sale of nature dependent on the size of each company's Canadian holdings and their ability to take advantage of certain tax credits.

Even with the new uncertainties, however, some hope for the project remains. Asked about cancellation, Alsands spokesman Joe Mariah said, "I'd say that's pretty outlandish at the present time." That optimism springs from the knowledge that both levels of the government want the undertaking to proceed. Designed to produce 37,000 barrels a day of synthetic crude, the oil sands development will have a cumulative impact on the Canadian economy during its 30-year operating phase of \$45 billion and provide 300,000 man-years of employment.

The national oil company, Petro-Canada, has been sold by federal the project and is expected to increase its participation. And the Alberta government is still willing to "sweeten" the project, an ownership position in the taking, although it would prefer to simply join the project funds. For his part, Mariah

Minister Marc Lalonde dismisses concerns about the seven-year-old partnership saying the two "weak partners" have withdrawn. "It should go ahead," he said last week. In fact, he may have wanted to Canada disburse the consortium all along.

—GORDON LOGGIE



Alsands president, J.E. Craig, the project was slowly unveiling

Their best and their worst of times

By Matthew Fisher

The 1988 World Ski Championships was a tale of two cities, Innsbruck and Schladming, Austria. And for the Canadians who were there it was the best of times and the worst of times. Gerry Doreen, a Canadian National team member for just two seasons, carried away the women's downhill gold medal, while Steve Podborski and Ken Read, who for one year have been digging for gold, once again went home with nothing. "I hit it right on," said Doreen after she had beaten the alpine girls at their own game, the downhill.

The two European favorites, the legendary Swiss veterans, Daniel Bader and Hans Kari, were out of the medals. Ahead of them were "the girls from across the Atlantic." Cindy Nelson, of Bend, Ore., was second, Laurie Graham, from the Highlands of Inverness, Scot., was third and Doreen Lehoucq, of Calgary, was fifth. "It's just the beginning of a new wave," said Nelson.

The Canadian world champions, the first since Nancy Greener in 1950 and the first in downhill since Jackie MacInnes in 1956, is not only a product of her own willpower but also of a backup team of all-Canadian coaches, doctors and equipment servicing. (The men's team employs several Europeans, the U.S. team employs several Canadians.)

In the fall of 1978 while trying for the first time to make the national team, Sorenson suffered a painful spill, tearing a knee cartilage, and the Canadian team no longer showed interest in her. However, her father's support, both emotional and financial, carried her through the following season with the British Columbia provincial team. And it was in a race in the spring of 1981 in California that Sorenson once again came to the attention of those who had spotted her. She had beaten some world-class racers and Canada wanted her back.

Sorenson returned and was in Europe only months later for her first World



Sorenson hoisted by Graham, Lehoucq

Cup season. Although she made no impact in her debut, she soon made her presence felt. 13th and 25th in downhill at Megève, France, and then, a week later, a triumph at Hahne. In what is widely considered the greatest upset in world-class skiing, Sorenson plunged down the hill to victory from start position 39. The three previous leaders were gathered on the podium to accept their awards—until Sorenson's time was finished. The Swiss, Marie-Theres Nadig, who that season dominated the women's downhill, turned in surprise and asked, "Who is that girl, what does she look like?"

She looks like a winner for years to come. At 23, Sorenson is still fresh to the sport and, unlike many downhillers of that age, she has look forward not only to the Sarajevo Olympics in two years, but also to those in 1993 in the Canadian Rockies. If Sorenson is the event of this new Canadian wave, there is much depth beneath her. Graham, 21,

Lehoucq, 21, Shante Lessch of Calgary, 20, Lucinda Robinson of Vancouver, 19, and the older who some say is the brightest hope of all—British Columbian Dee Dee Haigh, only 17 and already Sarajevo Cup champion.

The Canadians were to not enjoy such promise. For the veterans, these were to be their championships as what they, and these opponents, had taken to calling "The Canadian Downhill." On Saturday evening's revised to Austria. Harti Weisbacher, a farmer's son from the Tyrol, answered his countrymen's forty-eight-old prayer for a gold medal. The Canadian men never came within reach of a silver or bronze. Podborski finished sixth, Dave Murray of Whistler, B.C., 11th, Todd Brooker of Paris, Ont., 13th, and finally Ken Read, 14th. "I wanted to show that we have the best team in the world," said coach John Ritchie of Pacerana, B.C. "It is a one shot deal here and it didn't pay off for us."

Podborski had not requested his fuel for high-speed turning since the Kristlel competition where he won the Slalom—known three weeks ago. His timing was off at Schladming. He went into the first two too early and thereafter never found the right rhythm of attack. Read said he made many "illy mistakes. There are no excuses."

For her part, Sorenson needed none. And that was illustrated Thursday night at her victory celebration in the Piana Stadium. As thousands watched a replay of her triumph on a huge electronic screen, the figure One flashed on and off, perhaps a beacon for the future. Sorenson will be in the spotlight again this weekend at Arisa, Switzerland, where two races will close out the women's World Cup downhill season. She is only one point behind West German star Irene Rapp. To the hundreds of millions of TV viewers who witnessed her victory at Hahne, Sorenson is clearly the people's champion. A triumph at Arisa would make her the women's champion and complete the coveted double for 1988. ☐

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BEHAVIOR

The rise of the new psychiatry

By Lesley Krueger

Richard Zernik's intense dark eyes tell the story of his 16-year battle with schizophrenia. It began in Hamilton, half his lifetime ago. I was writing exams for Grade 10 in November of 1965," Zernik says. "I'd also changed foster homes for the third time in six months. So I had the pressure of exams, the pressure of a new home. I was terribly confused about whether I was gay or not. And on top of that my foster mother, who turned out to be mentally ill herself, became convinced I was going to rape her." Zernik then suffered a breakdown and spent 3½ years in hospital.

In some ways Zernik seems to bear out the traditional belief that insanity lives across mental illness. But that is not how he views his problem. Instead, Zernik agrees with a countervailing—and growing—school of medicine that argues that mental illness is actually a physical disease, genetically transmitted and as inheritable as black skin, blue eyes or diabetes. Biological psychiatry is the new vogue, its advocates declare, and the teachings of Freud are outdated.

"Yes, Freud is your grandfather," says Canadian Psychiatric Association Secretary Dr. André Gide. "These days the young psychiatrists study Freud as someone who in his time made a good contribution." Supporting the new psychiatry is a recent surge of studies that blame genetic disorders for symptoms ranging from alcoholism to chronic schizophrenia to delinquency. Similar studies assert that the sudden violence of criminals is biologically caused and that agoraphobia's panic is hereditary.

Biological psychiatrists agree that genetic disorders must be triggered by outside problems. But because they are convinced that nearly all mental illness has a physical cause, they make a troubling claim: They argue that the one in eight Canadian who will at some time require hospitalization for mental illness belongs not on the Pasadena couch, but as drugs. Opponents of the theory, however, fear this will lead to careless over-prescribing replacing more considered forms of therapy. Already they are questioning assumptions for a contest.

Still, biological psychiatrists were well prepared for the offensive. Their main support comes from revolutionary "adoption" studies, which for 15 years have been fueling heredity arguments.



The studies allow scientists to compare adopted children's psychiatric histories with those of their true families, who provide the genes, and their adoptive families, who determine the environment. That in turn enables researchers to check for patterns of mental illness. And almost all of them claim to have found that mental illness is passed to children genetically and that it is like diabetes, treatable but not curable. In both East and West, that theory is gaining momentum.

Adoption studies have been across a spectrum of disorders. Among those, University of Southern California is studying 11,427 Danish—who were

adopted between 1945 and 1947. Comprehensive research is the small, stable country recently proved to Mednick's satisfaction that boys whose biological fathers were criminals were more than twice as likely as others to become criminal themselves. The Warsaw study, a hereditary malfunction of the nervous system which causes violent behavior and lack of remorse. American Mednick "I don't think there's any question that criminal behavior is of at least partial genetic origin."

Major assumption: In France, Zelnick and his colleagues studied patients with characteristic mood shifts—and found that three per cent of the general population had manic and de-



Zavitsky: The insanity of driving not on drugs but on the Freudian couch

peared episodes that ranged to the drug lithium and its chemical relatives. But from 10 to 15 per cent of the parents' parents, siblings and children also had the disease and showed a positive response to the drug Zovitsky is now ending a year at McMaster University in Hamilton, where he began the same kind of studies. "We expect," he says, "a similar response."

Autism. In Iowa, Dr. Hans J. Childers—a former University of Manitoba researcher—found what he calls "diagnostic" evidence of inherited tendencies to alcoholism. A starting 25 per cent of adopted male alcoholics studied had close relatives who were alcoholic themselves—more than five times the figure for the general population. Among

women, that percentage rose to almost 10 times the norm, and five to 10 per cent had close family members who were alcoholics compared with 1 to one per cent of the general population.

Hyperactivity. In yet another study, Colorado found that 12 per cent of the adopted hyperactive children whose he examined were born to antisocial or criminal parents—55 per cent if he counted alcoholism—compared to only six per cent of a normal control group. Says Colorado: "I have little doubt of a genetic component."

Homosexuality. Last fall six researchers with the Kinsey organization compared homosexuality operating with that of heterosexuality—and found no difference. Concludes Kinsey researcher De

Alex Bell: homosexuality must be biological (possibly caused by hormonal influences before birth) or genetic. Bell points to studies similar to the one by Minnesota researchers Larry Treadell and Dennis Pedersen, who say that homosexual men score closer to women than to heterosexual men on aptitude tests. The researchers attribute this tendency to hormones acting on homosexuals at birth.

Agoraphobia. Once labelled fear of the outdoors, it is now called fear of leaving control. The syndrome has escaped Dr. Raymond Crowe of the University of Iowa. According to Crowe, agoraphobia is brought on not by personal traumas but by brief bursts of biochemical activity in the brain. These impulses cause the characteristic panic attacks—the five-minute pulses of distress, terror, pounding heart and fear of dying or going insane—which gradually lead some people to withdraw from outside activities. Crowe believes that the attacks affect five to 10 per cent of the population. Most sufferers learn to live with them; a minority become agoraphobic. But Crowe says studies of agoraphobia's family trees proved to him that the affliction is genetically caused.

All of these studies share a common inspiration. It is a much neglected Danish adoption research project—the first of the kind. The Danish research was started 10 years ago by U.S. National Institute of Mental Health doctors using Denmark not only because of its stable and static population, but also because of its impeccable medical record keeping.

These ground-breaking studies first centered on schizophrenia, a long-term, serious illness characterized by psychotic episodes in which victims and delusions incapacitate the victim and require hospitalization (unless on therapy and personal fortitude can control the problem). Usually appearing first in early adulthood, the episodes terribly sufferers and leave them confused, withdrawn and lethargic. The Danish search for genetic roots seemed unsuccessful at first. Doctors found adopted schizophrenics and their biological relatives as normal as others.

But then came a diagnostic leap. Dr. Seymour Kety, who coauthored the published studies, says the researchers began seeking a large number of corrections to schizophrenia's "incomplete families." Closer examination showed that the corrections were similar, and doctors soon came to believe that what they were seeing was newly discovered illnesses representing varying degrees of the schizophrenic state. Thus, Kety thinks, are illnesses genetically linked to schizophrenia. The spectrum included

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schizophrenia, the coldest form of the disease. Schizophrenics are markedly eccentric, but they cannot be tagged with any more specific label. More serious is latent schizophrenia, which has been accepted as a newly defined mental illness.

Latent schizophrenics are obviously intelligent but withdrawn, emotionally flat and increasingly awkward at school or work. Taken together, the whole range of unmetas, latent and definite schizophrenia showed up in 50 per cent of adopted schizophrenics' close family relatives—five times the society-wide figure. This enabled the doctors to claim that schizophrenia is indeed run in families.

Kety emphasizes that these findings do not show that schizophrenia is simply genetic. The Danish studies also uncovered a startling number of birth injuries among schizophrenics. "But it's obvious genetics is a factor," he says. "The only remaining question is to what extent is the disorder genetic and to what extent is it a result of environmental factors?"

Once a genetic explanation emerges, concentration shifts to drug treatment and prevention. If genetic theories are right and mental illness is physically caused, any biological psychiatrist, then drugs should be the main prescrip-

tion. Psychiatrists, they argue, simply can't grapple with the underlying problems of mental illness any more than they can cure anemia.

Dr. Donald Klein of Columbia University also claims that psychopharmacology is "poor" if drug treatment is delayed. As a result, the new psychiatrists dispense an armamentarium of drugs. Psychopharmacologist Dr. Elliot Gershon of the U.S. National Institute of Mental Health for one, administers de-

The extreme right-wing politics of the new psychiatry's founder have piqued opponents into passionate confrontation

pressed children with the same potent drugs—lithium and others—that he uses for the profoundly ill parent. As proof that he is doing the right thing, he says simply, "It works."

Prevention is the other workhorse. Accurate genetic research enables doctors to help prevent mental illness by telling parents' young relatives that they risk having disturbed children. And if they take the chance anyway,

says Dr. Frank Ervin, a psychiatrist at McGill University, children know to be vulnerable and to steer away from volatile situations. "It's something akin to what the small-town pacifist uses to do," says the Montreal researcher. "He'd know the Smiths were prone to such and such and be able to guide young Smith away from trouble."

Mass danger yet is the prospect of genetic engineering. "It's not inconceivable that genetic defects could be corrected in a fetus, or in a live person," says Gershon. The key is that Socialists through its preliminary research such as that now under way in Toronto. There, doctors at the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry say they have pinpointed the site of a gene that predisposes people to severe depression. In tandem with University of Rochester scientists, the Toronto doctors think they have located the gene at a specific site in the sixth chromosome.

Still, the gene discovery has already been questioned, and Gershon points out that much research is needed before engineering can be tried. Nevertheless, he claims that the possibility is not 21st-century dreaming, and recent events support his optimism. Although greeted with harsh criticism for being prejudicial, one California researcher this spring tried genetic engineering on

five patients with the hereditary blood disorder thalassemia. He failed. But Gershon looks to similar techniques for future prevention of mental illness.

If biological psychiatrists are right, what their efforts add up to is hope. And hope runs highest among natural parents of the mentally ill. Genetic forces promise to absolve them of blame for their children's conditions. Traditional psychiatry, on the other hand, levels accusations. Says one individualist, Yale University psychiatrist Dr. Theodore Lidz: "I've never met a schizophrenic patient who didn't grow up in a singularly difficult home." Already news of heredity theories is leading some parents of schizophrenics to reject that responsibility and to search their family trees for other possible schizophrenics.

Opponents, however, view the new psychiatry with alarm, especially in view of its fledgling beginnings. The man whose biological psychiatrists hail as their professional father—German psychiatrist Dr. Franz Kallman—was noted for his extreme right-wing politics. And his views have helped pique opponents into passionate confrontation.

Kallman was born in 1897, the son of a German physician who converted from Judaism to Christianity. A doctor himself, Kallman was drawn to genetics, and in 1931 he began exploring the then-minority theory of hereditary mental illness. He made his first outrageous recommendation in 1936. The minutes of a notorious German psychiatric congress of the time record Kallman proposing sterilization of all schizophrenics' parents, siblings and children—a man so drastic that even Nazi doctors rose to dissent. The apocryphal, Kallman was considered a Jew by the Nazi government—although not by himself—and he left Germany for the United States that year. In the United States, he joined a women's society and later pulled his reputation by lobbying against the Child Welfare Bill. This document would have allowed the immigration of 20,000 German-Jewish children to the United States on the eve of the Second World War. Kallman published his pathfinding data on schizophrenia in the late 1940s and died in 1960.

Now, in spite of Kallman's dubious philosophical leanings, his findings are considered significant. Says McGill's Frank Ervin: "The issue of genetic contributions to psychiatric disorders shouldn't be downplayed, because either 50 million or even persons want to acknowledge the facts." Yet critics argue they should be fiercely challenged before becoming dogma—and in factoring private.

Hyperactivity was the first of Kall-



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Imported in bottle from California.

man's theoretical children to some adult critic's gaze. It was eventually debunked as what one expert calls "a medical syndrome both out of absolutely nothing." A scant 16 years ago, however, hyperactive children were spotted in virtually every classroom. These were the overactive, inattentive, aggressive youngsters who used to be called just plain "bad." But when researchers discovered that they responded in a peculiar way to simple tasks, they were labeled hyperactive, or physically sick. As a result, they were given liberal doses of Ritalin to slow them down. In 1972, a pioneering lifestyle study managed to prove the finding. Dr. Mark Stewart found hyperactivity in about six per cent of school-age boys. But more important, he also found that 10 per cent of hyperactive children's fathers were hyperactive as well, confirming to many that this was, in fact, a specific and inheritable disease.

Then the bubble burst. A 1980 U.S. National Institute of Mental Health study showed that not only hyperactive

children slow down on doses of Ritalin—all children do. That peculiar response to the drug is now considered a symptom not of a peculiar condition, but of youth.

But the strongest criticism came from British doctors, who pointed to many holes in the diagnostic criteria used by Stewart's genetic study that its author finally—admittingly—retracted. "[Hyperactivity] was an easy answer," says Herb Schreier, child psychology director at the Children's Hospital in Oakland, Calif. "In parental guilt, to the criticism that schools weren't interesting enough, that teachers weren't trying."

But without easy answers, easy treatment disappears. Then doctors face a problem: The children once called hyperactive still obviously have something wrong with them. Stewart, now at Iowa University, is one of those working to find the real cause of hyperactivity. He thinks that only one per cent of children are truly hyperactive. [They] would like to pay attention in class, but

simply can't," he contends. British studies show that most of these children had difficult births or post-birth trauma, suggesting early brain damage.

The other four per cent are now called "aggressive conduct disorder" children—mean and overactive personalities who doctors say come from childhood, perhaps alcoholically abusive. In both cases, British doctors claim hyperactivity is not genetic, and have led a more away from widespread drugging.

The hyperactivity scandal was the first major answer for the new psychiatry's forces, but it will not be the last if two independent debunkers have their way. Yale's psychiatrist Dr. Theodore Lidz and Princeton psychologist Leon Kamin last fall started new and vigorous attacks on adoption studies in general, and on the authoritative Danish data in particular. In the process, they have made even advocates of genetic theories waver. "These [adoption] studies make my blood boil," says Kamin, who taught in Canada for 14 years before moving to

came in 1972, when Harvard psychologist Richard Herrnstein was invited to speak at Princeton. Since Herrnstein had just published an article supporting Cyril Burt's theories, the academics wanted him banned from campus. "But I took a civil libertarian position: defining free speech," recalls Kamin. Several students asked if he also defended Burt's racist theories, and Kamin's answer was: he had never met them. But Kamin felt if he were to defend free speech, he had to be ready to deny Burt's theories. If denying was called for, "So I said Burt," says Kamin. "Within 10 minutes I knew something was wrong."

The story is not new for Kamin, who told it three times at a recent Philadelphia psychology colloquium where he presented his anti-biological psychiatry data for the first time. There, he told admiring graduate students the Burt story's denouement, involving his complete abandonment of psychology research—the foundation Kamin admits he never had laboratory animals—for the realm of statistical calisthenics. The colloquium, in fact, marked round 1 of Kamin's new blood against genetic theories of mental illness. Round 2 comes soon with the scholarly publication of his debunking data. "I look forward eagerly to their comments," says Kamin, a slight and satisfied smile showing just how ready he is for a new fight.

—L.K.

Princeton in 1968 (see box p. 30).

Diagnosis is the first problem worrying these critics. And no one is more concerned than Iowa's Cadoret. To diagnose the real parents of adopted children, Cadoret relied on social workers' interviews with pregnant mothers and reports by the mother or the family members about often unavailable fathers. He agrees that social workers' observations are not guaranteed to be endlessly accurate. Nor are reports by the pregnant bars and daybitter mothers the most objective picture possible of the despairing father. Cadoret still argues, however, that such distortions do not torpedo his study entirely. Kamin disagrees. "The figures are obviously skewed," he declares.

Skewed is a word Kamin also applies to Danish studies of university schizophrenia. "What is 'univariate schizophrenia'?" he asks. "It just means they couldn't make up their minds, so who should they expect us to accept it as a diagnosis?" An important point, agrees Lidz. If univariate schizophrenia is removed from statistical considerations, he says, along with diagnoses of manic depression among birth families—"which they do for some reason or other"—then no significant differences exist between forces of schizophrenia and healthy children. In fact, says Lidz, only one case of schizophrenia was found among 68 relatives of adopted schizophrenics examined—"which is about what one would expect among the general population."

But in the next chapter, Lidz and Kamin exhaustively interviewed relatives or assigned pseudo-interviews—family reminiscences combined with neutral historians—if the subject was unavailable. These were then forwarded for diagnosis to three U.S. psychiatrists who had been kept ignorant of whose case history they were reviewing in order to prevent prejudice.

Later, an independent panel further reviewed their diagnoses, and served with 32 of 24 Danish cases. "I don't know," says Kamin, "are the same people diagnosed as suffering one illness in one study and a different illness in a different study, depending on which point is to be proved?" Kamin scathingly lists off individual cases. In one study, a woman was put inside the schizophrenia spectrum by U.S. doctors reviewing her case, despite an on-the-spot diagnosis of manic depression by psychiatrists who were treating her during two days in Denmark. In another, a woman was found schizophrenic differently, Kamin found eight of 38 schizophrenics had adopted parents who were hospitalized at some time for mental illness. None of the adopting parents of non-schizophrenics had ever been hospitalized. "It's ob-



Don't worry, Sam! 1980, by Michael Pross in Memphis. Photo Courtesy.

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Tennessee Whiskey



Photo: John Johnson and Jack Daniel's Whiskey. Photo: © 1980 W.D. & H.O. Wills. Tennessee 2025 B.T.A.

A renegade braced for a battle

Leon Kamin talks in the portable chambers of a person well used to publicity. And indeed the Princeton University psychologist's current incarnation as chief antagonist in the new psychiatry is only the latest in a long line of various roles. The small and dapper Kamin, 54, is famous among colleagues for debunking the once-credited theories of British doctor Cyril Burt, who claimed to have proved a genetic basis for intelligence. Twice Kamin received many attempts to prove that blacks and other minority groups have a lower IQ than whites. In the early '70s, however, Kamin found that Burt had stretched some scores and simply invented others to prove his preconceived point. Burt was utterly disproved, while Kamin found himself in demand as a respected expert witness at a respected action trials—a long way from both the mental lab at Princeton and his own controversial academic start.

"They'll tell you I'm a Marxist," Kamin warns. In fact, as a Harvard graduate student he was cited for contempt by Senator Joseph McCarthy's witch-hunting committee for refusing to name names among membership in the Communist Party. Kamin was eventually ac-

Kamin the leftist in a succession of narrowing roles



views," says Kanner. "Kids passed on may learn grow up angry."

Selective placement is the final but most devastating criticism of adoption studies, whether they concern schizophrenia, criminality or hyperactivity. Even cadet admits mental workers are raising adoption of children born to troubled parents "won't push the kid. It'll go on a home with, let's say, less potential, while a bright kid will be adopted into a better-off, professional home." Kanner agrees, saying Danish studies in fact show an unwelcome correlation between nature and nurture. Children born into troubled families are adopted by families with significantly more criminal records, syphilis, chronic alcoholism and mental illness than children from biologically healthy backgrounds. Therefore, he says, adoption studies are fatally flawed because children are adopted into families much like their natural ones. Heredity is once more inseparable from environment.

The question, then, is why biological psychiatrists have tried to make the distinction. Critics answer that it is because they are launching an ideologically motivated attack on psychoanalysis, which has already been under the gun for the length, expense and alleged redundancy of its talking therapies. "Why are we when political thinking makes it to the right we start harping these people as locally?" demands Dr. Elaine Newman, principal of Concordia

University's Science College in Montreal. "Because," she answers, "that way they can say the poor will always be with us, and the criminal, and the insane, so don't bother spending money on them, they're incurable anyway."

Kanner agrees. He says biological psychiatrists have been panned by the American government to provide intellectual justification for mental health budget cuts by advocating "cheaper drug therapies—something, he warns, could happen here."

It is a small step from criticizing the new psychiatrists' studies to preferring their conclusions. It is also, however, a tricky one, since both nature and nurture advocates agree that medication has a place. How much medication should be administered to the mentally ill in most cases? "Opinion are becoming the equity of the people," says Concordia's Newman, who blames heavy



Prisoner at St. Ann. Des Plaines, Ill.: genetic legacy?

drug company advertising in medical journals for turning doctors mad happens. Kanner goes even further, saying that since drug companies had control research, the start is toward finding the

reason why this assertion in the possibility of genetic transmission—a different question, since disease may be physical without being hereditary. Presumably, neurobiologists argued that most mental illness is too complicated to be inherited. An impossible number of genes governing an immense number of characteristics would, they said, have to pass intact from one generation to the next. But if Phillips, Pibger and a score of other researchers are right, mental illness could be passed through families genetically. Says Pibger: "Our work is making quite a few topics in the genetics bang."

Sluggish, however, identify two flaws in this neat argument. "It's like examining a patient with a cold and finding mucus in his nose, then saying, 'aha! mucus causes colds,'" charges psychologist Leon Kanner of Princeton University. Changes in brain chemistry, says Kanner, might be a symptom of mental illness, not its cause. The brain is infinitely complex, adds the more cautious Dr. Frank Kline, a psychiatrist at McGill University. The structure is currently practically determined, but it's also modified by early experience—and you can't tease the two apart.

L.K.

best drug for an illness, not the best treatment—a subtle distinction.

Angry repudiations greet Kanner's charge that drug company funding biases research. On the offense is Columbia University's Donald Klein, author of the recently released *Mood and Medicine: A Guide to the New Biological Psychiatry*. Klein, whose work is funded by Ciba-Geigy Pharmaceuticals, says, "The drug houses aren't interested in investing \$10 to \$15 million on a drug that's useless and is going to be on the market." He also denies Kanner's allegation that biological psychiatry is a right-wing movement used to justify health budget cuts. "It's been my experience that chronically ill people get the shortest end of the stick no matter whether their illness is genetic or not."

Even if the studies are indeed badly conducted, politically convenient and descended from questionable forebears, does that make heredity theories wrong? When asked, Kanner pauses. "I have a gut feeling there's a mad genetic component to schizophrenia," he acknowledges. But Kanner is a quoniam whether scientists should bother trying to separate nature from nurture. Adoption studies are inevitably imperfect, he agrees—he divides those that find the \$15 million spent on Danish studies might best have gone toward deciphering brain chemistry, or improving treatment. "The point is, you can't unlock the two," he says. "So why try?"

While the debate continues, many psychiatrists now cut their losses by assuming genetic susceptibility suggested by social or family problems, falling back on the old medical dictum: treat the patient, not the disease. As McGill's Ewen notes, genetic explanations don't diminish talking therapies to ease patients' anxieties, nor do nurture theories rule out talking drugs. "It's not all or nothing," he explains. "It's simply what works."

To Richard Kerkut, however, what will finally work to pull apart and mental patients from their tangle of fear is not simple or at this point even foreseeable. And in his view, it will certainly involve money: such people are currently sentenced to meager homes so depressed that they refuse to move rather than allow it care. "I would like to say we need more work training, a more livable allowance and more and better housing," he says. Indeed the great theoretical debate has this bottom line: people living in barren rooms, unable to work, eat and breathe. Says the mother of one schizophrenic: "I hope I don't sound complacent or defeatist, but what if other comes down to it being able to congratulate yourself for making it through another day?"

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Emotions go under the microscope

Existing new studies into the biology of mental illness may soon illuminate the nature-nurture dispute—although now they only find more argument. At most are delicate experiments affecting some with a new look at the chemical babblings

of the brain. At the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, for example, two scientists are trying to find pleasure under the microscope to find physical machinery of depression. Work by Christian Pibger and Tony Phillips revolves around the neurotransmitter dopamine, one of the brain's chemical messengers, which they think regulates feelings of well-being. But Pibger and Phillips, in a rat dopamine-linked brain pathways enjoy stimulating the electrodes—and therefore dopamine production—just as they voluntarily take cocaine and amphetamines. If pleasure is therefore a specific body function, says Pibger, could not depression be a block in that function, at least in some patients, and mean to speeding up?

Investigations such as this one provide fodder for biological psychiatrists' argument "that mental is simply another physical disease. And dovetailing



Pibger, probing the physical machinery of depression

A view of one's own

THE DEAN'S DECEMBER

by Saul Bellow
(Fitzcarrald & Whitcomb, \$27.50)

Saul Bellow once said, "Obligated to choose between complaint and comedy, I chose comedy." *The Dean's December*, the 18th of an extremely distinguished string of novels,

is probably the Nobel Prize winner's most refined example of that choice. The story of Albert Corde, a retired journalist who becomes a well-meaning but administratively clumsy dean of a Chicago university and who spends a bleak, reflective December in Bacharach's swarming death of his mother-in-law, is curiously told tale—seldom blatantly funny, but wry and clever. Within the haunting context of his encounter with the dying, this slightly overwrought and painful American saga bristles in a bedroom in Eastern Europe and ponders the peculiar things that have made his life and times what they are.

Bellow's wit and sympathy have always had more to do with perspective than situation in *The Dean's December*. Albert Corde's idiosyncratic point of view is the focus of Bellow's narrative. Before his departure for Bacharach, Corde wrote a long, philosophical treatise for Harper's bemoaning the moral and social bankruptcy of Chicago. "Politically," asks Corde in the piece, "is there any salvation for this order?" The article, it seems, managed to enrage almost everyone in Illinois, a loner

his intentions in writing the *Therapy* story and the misrepresentation that surrounds his and the university's involvement in the murder trial as examples of the "false consciousness" that pervades the modern world. As a journalist, Corde realizes that he has lost all faith in the future of his profession. He has, the word "communication" is far-



Bellow assumes those who think in the 20th century

eyes qualified with quotation marks. Averting word on the outcome of the trial, Corde looks out at Bacharach and back at Chicago with a gentle shrewdness that is, in true Bellow style, too shrewd not to be borned by what he sees. Unimpressed with the wisdom of the dean, Corde maintains point of view that his friends, colleagues and even his wife regard as slightly off-kilter. His boyhood friend, Dewey Spangler, now an

influential newspaper columnist who happens to show up in Bacharach, thinks of Corde's concerns as too poor. "Modern achievements, the Dean believed, jets, skyscrapers, high technology, were a tremendous drain on intelligence, more particularly on powers of judgment and most of all on private judgment. You could see it in every face, how the depleted with fought these lasting battle with death." But as unfettered with the contemporary as he is, Corde is never entirely confident he observes the world correctly. It is a Romanian emigration, for instance, the sight of a corpse with hamburger and buns makes him incline to believe. "Lent, I am a peasant and a stranger to my fellow man I had thought that I understood things pretty well. Not so."

The Dean's December moves from the furcuses of a Romanian emigration back to America and the cold sky of the Mount Palomar observatory. Throughout the Dantesque ascent of the novel, there are secondary characters who remain quite facets and ideas that are not drawn in enough detail to be entirely believable. Within the broad scope of so subtle and thoughtful a book, however, these are more excusable. Throughout *The Dean's December*, Bellow displays characteristic distrust of anything not thought through in what seems to be its reality. If Dean Albert Corde is at times ineffectual, he is at least someone who pursues his own thoughts and accepts whatever culinary belief is his as simply the kind of thing that happens to people who think in the latter half of the 20th century.

—DAVID MARSHALL

Conserving it, preserving it

AN ECLECTIC REEL
by Dalton Camp
(Doubleday Publishers, \$15.95)

"Journalists may write their warm-eye views. Prime Ministers deal with broader vistas." With this quote from John Diefenbaker, Dalton Camp begins his and review of the second volume of the Chief's memoirs. "I liked that good juxtaposition, a generosity with gentlemanly gifts," Camp writes, "the pur-down of an enemy crate, the exaltation of both office and office holder." And, he adds, the "unabashedly self-serving" nature of the book. "And why not?" What are memoirs for, if not vindication? These few phrases, cutting and ironic, illustrate much of the style of Dalton Camp, the lay from New Brunswick who began as a Grit, switched to the Tories and

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Camp: yesterday's quip, today's yawn

devoted his great talent with words and their packaging to achieving substantial success in advertising and in advancing the interests of the Progressive Conservative party, federal and provincial.

At the top of his form—which comes through only infrequently in this volume collecting columns, reviews and articles from 1968 through 1981—Camp is one of Canada's best polemicists. He reads the pretensions of the Grits, he rips at such terrorist Conservatives as Jack Horner, he attacks know-nothings, whatever its political colouring. Camp may still be a Tory, but he is certainly not a party-liner anymore, as his support for Trudeau's constitutional package demonstrates. Similarly, his support of Joe Clark at the convention that selected him as Robert Stanfield's successor (the Nova Scotian renegade Camp's best deal of a party leader) does not prevent him from becoming Clark's spokesman. And he can lash out at enemies (or friends) who take a poke at him, spraying Paul Hellyer and Middle Goodman with machine-gun volleys of well-aimed derision. Hellyer, he writes, "single-handedly did what membership alien military leaders had failed to do in several wars, which was to sink the Royal Canadian Navy in the Sea of Incongruity." The sentence may be banal, but the phrasing is explosive.

Nevertheless, columns are written for the moment, not for posterity. Collections of columns inevitably seem dated five or 10 years after the events that prompted them, and yesterday's telling phrases too often are today's yawns. Camp missed the title of *His Selected Set*

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on a article about journalists called from the British press. "Like rats in the bottom of a fish barrel, they keep their all soaked up there." Many of the selections should have remained at the bottom of the barrel, and most of them have lost their shock effect. The author should have requested his publisher's promise to gather his columns together.

A case in point is Camp's 1979 obituary column on John Diefenbaker. This piece is more reflective than the book review written while Diefenbaker still bled over his party's fate, but it is also substantially more unpleasant. "We are all disturbed by the passing of famous men," Camp begins, observing that Diefenbaker's death "is of unique personal significance to me since it was my lot to be his eternal nemesis and adversary... if one must have foes in life," then the Chief "was one to be treasured. He may have thought the same of me." Many people do not admire John Diefenbaker or the effects he had on the Canadian body politic, but few will enjoy the unfortunate caricature, the implicit put-down, the evaluation of the struggle between the two antagonists that here becomes merely self-serving. When it was originally written, the column may not have earned the emotional freight that seems attached to it now. But this is precisely why journalists' columns should stay uncoloured. Who needs old warm's-eye views?

—J.L. GRANTSTEN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Noble House, Clifford (7)
- 2 An Inland Obsession, McCallum (12)
- 3 The Slave New Hampshire, Irving (8)
- 4 How I Spent My Summer Holidays, Mitchell (12)
- 5 Bodily Harm, Atwood (7)
- 6 Cops, King (9)
- 7 The Rebel Angels, Davies (7)
- 8 God Emperor of Dune, Herbert (6)
- 9 Famous Last Words, Bradley (5)
- 10 Go Shelly, Come Back Quickly, Niven (12)

Nonfiction

- 1 The Acquisitors, Newman (4)
- 2 Phases, Across the Border, Berman (7)
- 3 The Art of Robert Bateman, Getty (7)
- 4 The Lord God Made Them All, Ellis (12)
- 5 Invitation to a Royal Wedding, Spaul (12)
- 6 Men of Property, Goldsberg (12)
- 7 Consequences, Trudeau
- 8 The New Canadian Real Estate Investment Guide, Zimm (8)
- 9 The Game of the Cities, Gosselin (8)
- 10 Cosmos, Sagan (12)

(1) Position last week

MUSIC

For the record



CHOPIN RECITAL,
Joo Papargish (piano)
(DG/PolyGram)

Joo Papargish, the 33-year-old Toronto pianist, brings down a gamut toward those who doubted him first prize in the 1980 Chopin Competition in Warsaw, where his sensational and flamboyant performance brought him worldwide headlines. Even out of sight, on this debut record, his Chopin playing is unconventional—cleaner, sharper, more full of contrasts than the norm. The focus is not only on light and drama, but also on pure song. The portly pianist's Chopin of so many pianists is replaced by a rather severe portrait-philosopher. Papargish displays brilliant technique, a melting and graceful legato and fewer fumbles and miscalculations than we were led to expect. The Warsaw jury should sitra away ashamed.

HORS D'OEUVRES
Dempierre
(PolyGram/PolyGram)

"Kitchen department" used to be the affectionate catchphrase for the percussion section of the orchestra. Now François Dempierre, one of Canada's masters in the field of light music, changes all that with an energetic record presenting musical equivalents of his favorite recipes. The orchestration, which relies strongly on electronics and a regular rock beat, is tart, cheeky, mean. Hot jazz rhythms, first being and then razzazz, suggest the paganka. In Sept last's brief, Catchy tunes are dressed up in styles ranging from boogie to Latin America, and there's a nod and a wink to such masters as Bach and Beethoven. In case the musical suggestions aren't explicit enough, the conventional recipes are included as the stars.

—DAVID PEARCE

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TASTE WORTH ACQUIRING.



The brave capture Mead: the most ambitious cleanup-and-risky epic ever attempted

Heating a home where the mastodons roam

QUEST FOR FIRE
Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud

There's a very funny sequence in *Quest for Fire*, set 80,000 years ago, in which three cavemen climb a tree to escape two lions, with amusement as rhesus monkeys in their hairy, craggy faces. When *Quest for Fire*, a Canadian-French reproduction of the most ambitious cleanup-and-risky epic ever attempted, is being playful, it's extremely enjoyable—a silly, unbridled pop movie.

The three cavemen (Elliott Gould, Ron Perlman and Nannette El-Radi), members of the clan, have set out to find fire, stolen from them by the Wapishon. The tribes, not knowing how to create fire and seeking it for food, warmth and protection, see the dream as a divine spark—epiphanic, sensual, all-powerful. The quest for it, belied at every turn by rival tribes and vicious animals, is turned into a series of set pieces. Some are remarkably staged, such as a sequence where Nannette (McCall) approaches a small herd of mastodons in the manner of St. Francis of Assisi with a flock of birds and makes peace with them; others (featuring a mauling bear and a group of cavebears) have too large an element of calculation

Slowly, transparently commercial, *Quest for Fire* saves the comic ingredient of violence (disarming, snuffing) with sex (random, with, wild). When Nannette discovers love for Raa (Ron Perlman), from the advanced Inka tribe, the film moves toward civilization. These two, however, seem to be drawn from Hagrid-Aubrey—who should be preserved—is informed by a too-modern point of view. As they look up wistfully at the moon in the perky, poetic closing shot, there is a tendency to flitter.

On a visual and technical level the movie can hardly be faulted. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud (*Black and White in Color*), and his cinematographer, Claude Gaudin, create awesome landscapes which are given dreamy, moon-and-forest by Philippe Sauter's glorious scenes. The makeup for our furry forebears doesn't seem overdone, and their body language and gestures have been supervised by Diamond Morris, author of *The Naked Ape*, who should know what he's doing. The language devised by Anthony Burgess, creator of *Narbal*, the lingo in Joe A. Clockwork Orange, sounds like a lot of grunt and groan, but the actors' faces can be wonderfully expressive.

Had it pursued the humor of its theme further—the dangers and

stifflities between what man was then and what he is now—*Quest for Fire* could have been a loopy, tooting pop epic. This wouldn't include two prehistoric hippos in love or a strained modern tale that is slightly understanding. Some of what is on the screen in *Quest for Fire* is fascinating, but the real fascination lies in what isn't up there.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

When words fail, try miracles

MELANIE
Directed by Rex Bragford

Melanie (Elyse O'Connell) is a loving mother from the Arizona backwoods whose husband, upon returning from the army, steals away with their six-year-old child to California. When she discovers the walk-out note, the offbeat Melanie doesn't know what it means. A neighbor, a good black woman left over from some late-'40s movie, kindly reads it, and Melanie takes off to California to find the child. She tracks down an old friend (Timothy Young) living with a hard-boiled, rude, coke-snorting, heavily-voiced songwriter (Baron Curnagay in his movie debut). With the help of his lawyer, played by the ever-reliable and long-suffering Paul Sorvino, she learns readin' 'n' writin', puts the songwriter back on the straight and narrow and gets the kid, too. Amazing enough, this Melanie.

Under more commonplace circumstances O'Connell might have given a touching performance; however, when the script calls for an actress to be a combination of Norma Rae, Wonder Woman and Saint Agnes, it's not so easy. Amazingly, Melanie reads the desperation that must be part of being an itinerant in the 19th century imagination being unable to read direction on a sign of whether cleavage. The movie also avoids being, leaving Melanie's transformation from Simple Soul to a Sordid to Candidate for Vassar a little hard to swallow.

The performers, including O'Connell, manage to rise above this sentimental slush, especially Don Johnson as Melanie's pugnacious, beer-drinking husband and Timothy Young as her edgy, spaced-out. Baron Curnagay is fine when he's frenzied and mean, but limp and shallow after Norma-Wonder-Agnes straightens him out. He and his co-workers sit on his face like too much throaty cream. But the biggest job in Melanie comes from playing an itinerant in Los Angeles and expelling conflict: there may never be a better definition of redundancy.

—L. OT

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When it came to insurance all women were treated as equals. And that was the problem. The assumption was, and in some cases still is today, that a woman was adequately covered by a man's life insurance policy.

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Plenty of heart for art's sake

ONE FROM THE HEART
Directed by Frances Coppola

Nobody can accuse Frances Coppola of being a fan of the ordinary. This movie, from both God-fathers through Apocalypse Now, have displayed a fierce determination to explore new areas of expression in film. A blowhard who is not above taking business matters into his own hands and feverishly hyping his mammoth products, Coppola has turned into the Salomé of the movie industry, bravely risking a credit that unashamedly announces, "It's dif-

ferent in the Fourth of July, the story they lose girl, boy gets girl back again) concerns "real" love in an unusual setting (Vegas, including its airport, was entirely reconstructed on sets at Coppola's Mariposa Studios).

The characters in *One From the Heart* are common everyday Americans who give for surety pictures and high spirits. Frankie (Paul Giam), who has been living with Hank (Frederic Forrest) for five years, works in a travel agency and dreams of going to explore New York. Hank, a mechanic, is more down-to-earth but neither secret

target that knows not into the street, picking up rhythm and people along the way until the screen is bursting with vitality. Kinski does a better job for Forrest in a giant mirror glass, a jet seems to fly over Forrest's head in the airplane terminal parking lot and the audience, quite understandably, gasps.

Technically, *One From the Heart* is a further innovation from Coppola, particularly in the use of the kind of asperity-imposition that opened Apocalypse Now in the Saigon hotel room. But he has also stretched the technique so that two separate scenes between Frankie and Hank seem to be occurring simultaneously on the screen. Dramatically, this tale of two shipwrecks looking for



Coppola's set, a quasi-musical that, on a technical level, tries to be more than any other movie has been

ferent and do it big." Last month, without informing the film's distributor, Paramount Pictures, he performed his \$10-million *One From the Heart* at Radio City Music Hall, arranged, Paramount bowed out as distributor and, after much controversy, Columbia picked up the beleaguered film.

A quasi-musical in which Tom Waits' songs are heard but not staged, *One From the Heart* is a new hybrid which, on a technical level, tries to be more than other movies. It keeps believing, "I'm a masterpiece" at its audience, many of whom will be confused as well as dazzled. The title sequence, for example, is truly moviebitch; the camera swirls deliciously around what are essentially two slow-motion of Rosebush—marquess of the Bar Las Vegas hotels featuring the movie's credits. Set

dreams too. When they split up for the twentieth time and head out on the town on the Fourth of July, each meets with a fantasy. Frankie meets the Latin Boy (Paul Giam), a waiter who wants to be a singer, and Hank meets the Teenage Latin (Christopher Kinski), a circus performer. After a night of romance and disaffection, boy and girl realize that the most satisfying dream is the one that has been sleeping inches away all along.

The movie has plenty of heart, especially in Tom Giam's natural, bespectacled performance, but it would be more aware from the head as well. Extraneously designed and lighted, it's in some way Coppola's Fellini movie—a phantasmagoria of Vegas' sensuality delights. The most brilliant, negative images with Giam and Alia, sublimated, dancing a

somebody and finding each other doesn't have the depth to match the rest of the pyrotechnics. Coppola has given us the fireworks, but there isn't anyone in the movie setting them off. Why Frederic Forrest, for instance, does an early Marlon Brando imitation throughout is a mystery.

Tom Waits' melocholic, whiskey-soaked ballads (sung by Waits and Crystal Gayle) are a strange choice of musical material since the characters don't have much connection to Waits's world, unworldly world. *One From the Heart*, Coppola's latest expression of the American Dream, is filled with contradictions. Yet grand and overreaching and fraught with failure as it is, it's still infinitely more exciting than a month of Sundays of other ordinary movies.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

THEATRE

Sympathy for the rabble

THE GRACKLEWALKER
by Judith Thompson
Directed by Charles Rogers

"B... it's not so different from live—it's like movie!" cries the long-haired, bearded, Sandy, between lays and beatings from his murder husband, Joe Talbot's present philosopher couldn't have said it better. Is a remarkable playwright debut, Judith Thompson has captured the corrosive imagery and exploding rhythms of life in Kingston's lower depths, where spiked heels are dangerous weapons and salvation is driving a cab in Calgary. The production at Man-tre's Centre Theatre is superb, highlighted by Jim Flaxton's impassioned, multifaceted set, which provides the premise spatial co-ordination required to chart the pilgrimages of Thompson's characters from oblivion to oblivion.

One year in their lives is much like another. Sandy's retained friend, Theresa (De Ann McIntyre), is wandering in and out of care, shocks up on Sandy's livingroom floor with Alia (Harold T. Lineham), an implicit schism who belittles partner smokes chewing his confusion. Sandy (Lawrence Despres) is a man, Theresa out of pity, Joe (Frank Moore) is battered by Alia's prophetic babbling, but eventually has his limits. Tangled up on their own, Alia and Theresa establish a pitiful life together. For them, Kingston is one huge pen, and their only guardian the hapless, eternally absent social worker. Their final marriage bears lighted fruit, a re-

lated help whom Alia eventually struggles, Theresa, herself into mad men. Theresa returns to prostitution at 35 a shot. The others endure, however. Sandy and Joe make it to Calgary, the crude, passionate ally of their relationship—maintaining just enough loyalty and affection to possibly withstand the ravages of time and skyrocketing cigarette taxes.

The Gracklewalker raises no issues, points no morals. The characters are magnificently defined, and the evocative past under Charles Rogers' stevedore direction results in the poignant and often hilarious dialogue. But naturalism is a limiting genre in which the playwright's tools for generating emotion are few and necessarily unimpaired. When an audience needs something with body blows, pulled punches are concessions to good taste are unacceptable. Since its original production last season at Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille, Thompson has decided to downplay the infatuation by placing the crib out of sight. The social set failures as a result: the essential tension between child and parent is gone and the impact of the strangulation is greatly diminished. The act that could have unfurled Dostoevsky's terror is ceded and enthusiasm denied, an essential all the more disappointing since Thompson has clearly demonstrated an ability to expose the deepest roots of the theatrical experience. Still, its language and humanity make the play a minor masterpiece, electric with the promise of even better work to come.

—MARK CHAMBERS

Despres, Moore, Lineham and McIntyre (left to right) magnificent character detail



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Ottawa comes out of the closet

By Dalton Camp

Co-operative federalism, which was in vogue with a whimper during the '60s, went out with a thud last week, its durability as a buzzword having far outlasted its usefulness as policy. Those whose memories are longer than their hair will recall the glorious days of Quebec's exit at revolution, endorsed under the auspices of Premier Jean Lesage, a man who could have taught Charles de Gaulle a lot about grandeur.

It was then that such qualities as "bold equivocation" and "topping out" were revealed as the most efficient means of distributing federal benefits in Quebec at minimum risk of offending anyone in Quebec City, Lester Pearson, the prime minister of the day, cutting about for a nice-sounding euphemism for his bleak a policy, came up with co-operative federalism.

Still, these were heady times. Canadians everywhere were busy bawling fellow citizens to task. "What does Quebec really want?"—the question everyone felt better for being asked even though no one has yet answered it. Sufficient to the day, however, was the notion that what the government of Quebec really wants is federal money, dutifully handed by expanding income tax points, or otherwise delivered under the table. How much money, or what for, did not matter as long as identification of the donor remained confidential.

Co-operative federalism was rooted in deep-seated anxiety that things in Quebec might otherwise get out of hand—separatism and all that—and it was based upon the premise that the best way to ensure the survival of federalism was to make the federal government invisible. Even now, a good theoretical case could be made for co-operative federalism. The principal complaint against it is only a practical one that obviously it didn't work. As Ottawa's image as an active federal presence declines, Camp is a sophisticated columnist, *Atlantic Policy* magazine is it.

readed in Quebec, a number of the principal architects of the quiet revolution—René Lévesque, Claude Morin and Jacques Parizeau, for example—emerged as full-blown separatists. It could also be argued that Pearson's co-operative, sometimes humiliating, efforts to make the federal government sufficiently anonymous in Quebec to suit Jean Lesage inevitably debased

MacLachlan, Trudeau: whipping winds



A good case could still be made for co-operative federalism. The principal complaint? It didn't work.

federalism everywhere else. By 1979, when the last Liberal provincial government in the land went down to defeat in Prince Edward Island, the federal Liberals were re-elected, well-to-do and sea-to-sea, by armies of their political adherents. Not constantly, fed-backing soon replaced increase as Canada's national sport.

Last week's federal-provincial conference on the economy was highly informative provided you ignored the subject of the meetings—as the prime minister did—and focused on the politics of it. While P.E. Trudeau was skipping down the proceedings of a 45-minute, press-time verbal barrage, the bells

were tolling for the death of co-operative federalism. An one parson the rhetoric, there would appear to be a new breed of federalism of a sort perhaps inspired by Vince Lombardi—if it says anything, bit it. The prime minister spent no cent, not even the fledgling premier of Prince Edward Island, Jim Les, when he charged with speaking disrespectfully of higher authority.

So, no more Mister New Guy. That part of the message is clear. But the rest of the message ought to be at least familiar. Those elbows to the ribs and the jabs to the mid-section directed to the premiers of Ontario, New Brunswick, Alberta and Saskatchewan were more dramatic, the hymnists were aimed at the premier of Quebec.

A federal Liberal government does not change its posture, or its policy, vis-à-vis the provinces unless its relations with the government of Quebec require it. Co-operative federalism, while it lasted, was meant to placate

the quiet revolution; this new, combative stance simply signals to Quebec that the feds are coming out of the closet. Certainly the same federal tone and temper will be displayed nationally, for appearances sake, but the policy is clearly aimed at La Belle Province.

It is a strange paradox of our brand of federalism that Ottawa is stronger when the economy is weaker and when the provinces become more vulnerable. When times get tough, so do the feds. What we saw at last week's federal-provincial gathering was the twilight of the power of the premiers. These province-creating most of them—who cannot bear to look to their own taxpayers for the revenues they need to remain afloat can only look to Ottawa, much as it may pain them to do so. And what the prime minister was telling them all was that there would be something for everyone from the federal till, but not one cent forthcoming without debate. Not only are the feds coming out, they're coming out swinging.



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